Vol 5 **The War Illustrated** N° 123

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE MAR. 10TH. 1942

DARWIN PREPARES. Already bombs have fallen on Australian soil, and the landing of Japanese forces in New Guinea and Timor presents a direct threat to the continent of Australia. The little town of Darwin in the north of Australia, less than 400 miles from Timor has now become one of the most important strategic bases in the Empire. Here are stationed thousands of A.I.F. troops as well as large air and naval establishments and a strong garrison of home defence forces. The photograph above shows a gun crew of the Australian Artillery at Darwin laying an 18-pounder.

Photo, Sport & General

SINGAPORE: THE WAY TO LOSE AN EMPIRE

NOT since 1781, when General Cornwallis with 7,000 British regulars surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, has the British Empire suffered such a blow as the fall of Singapore. Yorktown lost us the American colonies; it marked the end of one British Empire. Will the historians of a hundred years hence write that Singapore marked the beginning of the end of another?

As yet the magnitude of the disaster is not completely realized. Our spirits are depressed, it is true, but our minds are too numbed to appreciate the full force of the blow we have suffered at the hands of a race which for years we have regarded half contemptuously as mere Orientals. When I was a boy I remember studying the pictures in The Illustrated London News of the Russo-Japanese War: "Fancy, that great big Russian soldier being taken prisoner by that little Jap!" It is not pleasant to think of those thousands of British, Australian, and Indian troops being counted on the quays of Singapore by these same Japs and shipped off to captivity in Formosa or some other far distant island of the Pacific.

WHY has this thing come upon us? Did we deserve it? Could we have avoided it? Can we learn from it so as to avoid a similar—perhaps even greater—blow in the future? Why did Singapore fall? To begin with, it was never a fortress in the military sense at all; it was a naval base from which it had been intended that the ships and planes of the Allies should sally forth to keep the Japanese hundreds of miles away. All its guns pointed out to sea, and the possibility of an attack from the land, down the Malayan peninsula, had hardly been considered. Unlike Malta and Corregidor, it was not built on a rock, but on a swamp. Unlike Tobruk, it had a vast civilian population, most of whom, unlike the people of Moscow, were just so many spectators of a conflict which they seem to have concluded was no concern of theirs.

EVEN so, how were the Japanese able to batter their way over 600 miles in eight weeks, and by the end of the tenth week to have marched in triumph into Singapore? The first reason was our shockingly weak air force. At the very outset we lost half our fighter strength, mostly on the ground, and the planes which our pilots had to take up were Brewster Buffalos, Hudsons, and Wirraways—old types which were no match for the Japanese fast-climbing fighters. We had a few bombers, but the Japanese had more, and dive-bombers in plenty. "The day after the Japanese landed on the island," reports a Special Correspondent of The Times and The Manchester Guardian in a dispatch—truly a dreadful document—published on Feb. 18, "when Japanese dive-bombers, accompanied by hundreds of fighters, were bombing and machine-gunning our men unmercifully, there were six Hurricanes, and six only—a seventh was having its wheels repaired—giving our men 'air support.'" Hardly less important was the crippling loss inflicted on the Royal Navy, when at the very beginning of the battle two of our finest ships were sacrificed in what must seem to be, despite all the official excuses, an act of sublime folly. "All our troubles flowed from Japanese sea and air superiority," says Sir Keith Murdoch; "we never really had a chance on land."

WITH 60,000 men—Mr. Churchill's figure—we tried to hold a country larger than England, against an army far more numerous than ours, and far better equipped. The enemy were, moreover, toughened and acclimatized, whereas our troops were not only far fewer than the enemy but many of them, to quote The Times Special Correspondent again, "never seemed to be physically up to the mark. Some had been too long in this tropical climate and had gone soft. Others had only just arrived, and were not accustomed either to the terrain or to the climate. One brigade was plunged straight into jungle fighting in Johore three days after it arrived in Singapore after eleven weeks at sea." We made a bad start when the troops in Kedah left their strong positions and crossed the isthmus to meet the Japanese at Singora, and were caught half-way. More heavy casualties were suffered in the long retreat through the jungle. "The British lost heavily in great stands as they retired," Sir Keith Murdoch has declared, "and when the Australians came in north of Johore the Indians were tired and almost finished. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders suffered heavily in men." If only we had had planes, tanks, guns, and sufficient men, he concludes, there is no reason why we should not have held the Japanese in the north. If only . . .

"ONE British soldier is equal to ten Japanese," said a wounded Tommy to Cecil Brown, correspondent of Columbia Broadcasting, "but unfortunately there are eleven Japs." Then the American went on to make those accusations against the Singapore authorities for which the military banned him from the microphone. This is what he cabled on Jan. 14, a month before Singapore fell. Already it was a touch-and-go affair, such was the incredible and unbelievable unpreparedness. He spoke caustically of the Singapore mentality, of civilians who were apathetic towards everything, except making tin and rubber money, having *stenghas* (whiskies) between 5 and 8 o'clock in the evening, keeping fit, being known as a 'good chap,' and getting thoroughly 'plawstered' on Saturday night." To the suggestion of any and every change, however slight, they rejoined "with a snort through the nose overhanging a whisky glass—'can't be done.'"

NOT only Cecil Brown, but every observer has commented on the failure to use the vast resources of Asiatic labour which should have been available. With the exception of the more progressive and politically conscious of the Chinese community, the bulk of the Asiatic population remained spectators from start to finish. When Penang was bombed in December, says Mr. F. D. Bisseker, a member of the Legislative Council, "the civilian population evaporated in the most amazing manner," so that the essential services were disrupted and there ensued "looting, pollution, dirt, stink, debris, rats, blood—innumerable horrors which cannot be mentioned." So it was at Singapore. The Times Special Correspondent, after alleging that "the Government had no roots in the life of the people of the country," states that the people hastened to get as far as possible from the scene of hostilities, so that bomb-craters on airfields were not filled up because no Asiatics, and not enough Europeans, were available for the work; there was no native labour at the docks, so that soldiers had to be taken away from military duties to load and unload ships; thousands of people could have been brought away from Singapore but for the fact that there were not enough Europeans to man and stoke the numbers of small ships and launches that were lying in the harbour; while early on in the war, of the 12,000 Asiatics normally employed at the naval base, only 800 were reporting for duty.

HERE is a point we should do well to dwell on and to ponder. Malaya is the first instance of a British colonial possession which has been directly attacked. The enormous preponderance of its people are not of British nationality, still less of British descent, although they have been under British rule for many years. Under that rule the material progress has been striking, but the people themselves have been regarded as coolies—as so much yellow and brown labour whose muscles may be conveniently used in the tin mines and on the rubber plantations. We—or rather the "Singapore wallahs"—have treated the people as coolies. Is it surprising that in the hour of testing they acted as coolies, "did a bunk" into the jungle? Is the same thing happening now in Burma? *Will it happen in India?*

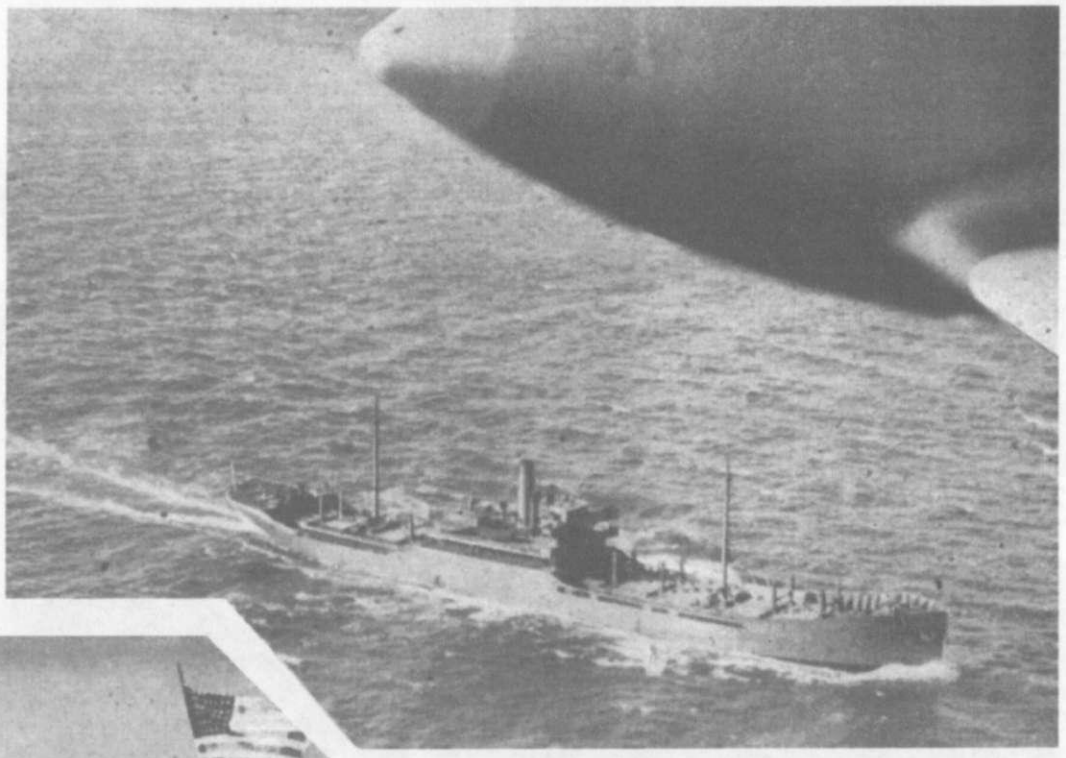
"A GREAT Empire and little minds," said Burke, "go ill together." We have them both, the Empire and the little minds—the yes-men, the Party hacks, the Colonel Blimps, the nincompoops and lickspittles, the blatherers of Army spokesmen in Cairo and far nearer home. But if we want to keep the one we must get rid of the others—and quick.

E. ROYSTON PIKE

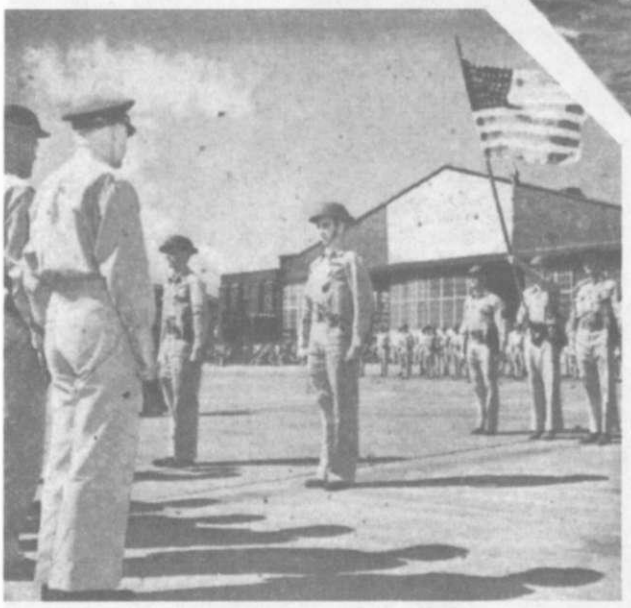
JAPAN PRESSES ON! Although taken in China, this photograph well suggests the dash and high efficiency which have sent the Japanese surging over Malaya into the "fortress" of Singapore.

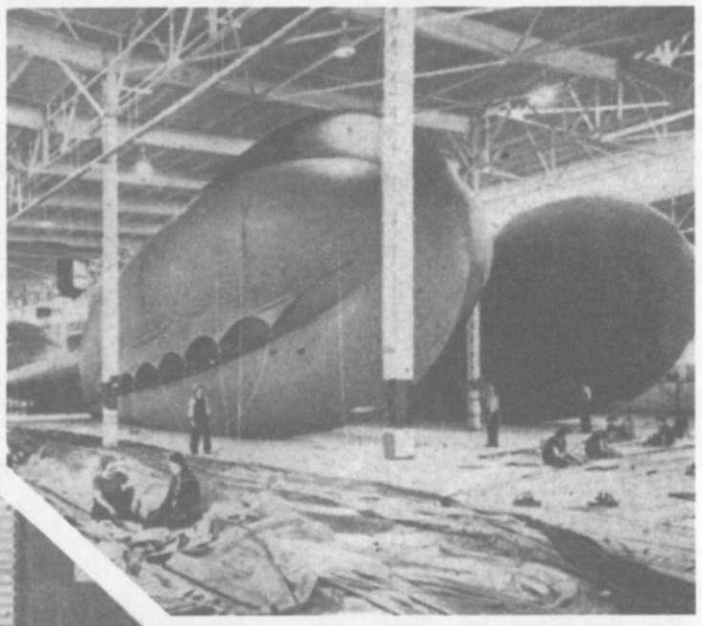
America's Air Watch Over the Atlantic

U.S. 'BLIMP' on patrol duty along the sea lanes of the Atlantic takes a close look at a freighter. The American Navy uses a number of these small airships for reconnaissance work.



At Wheeler Field on Jan. 9 these two American airmen—Lieuts. George M. Welch and Kenneth M. Taylor—were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for bringing down four and two Japanese planes respectively. Wheeler Field lies north of Pearl Harbour on Oahu Island, scene of the first Japanese attack on the U.S.A. on Dec. 7, 1941.



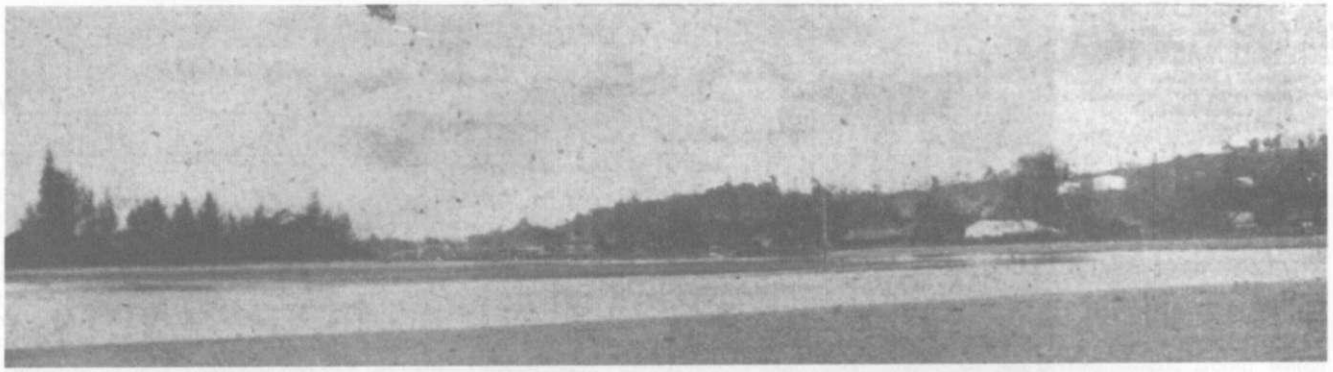


BARRAGE BALLOONS are now being mass-produced in America. Here is the new balloon room at the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company plant at Akron, Ohio. The room is large enough to accommodate twelve inflated balloons at a time.

Left, pilots of a pursuit squadron of the U.S. Army Air Corps standing by ready to beat off any enemy attempt to raid America's Eastern seaboard.

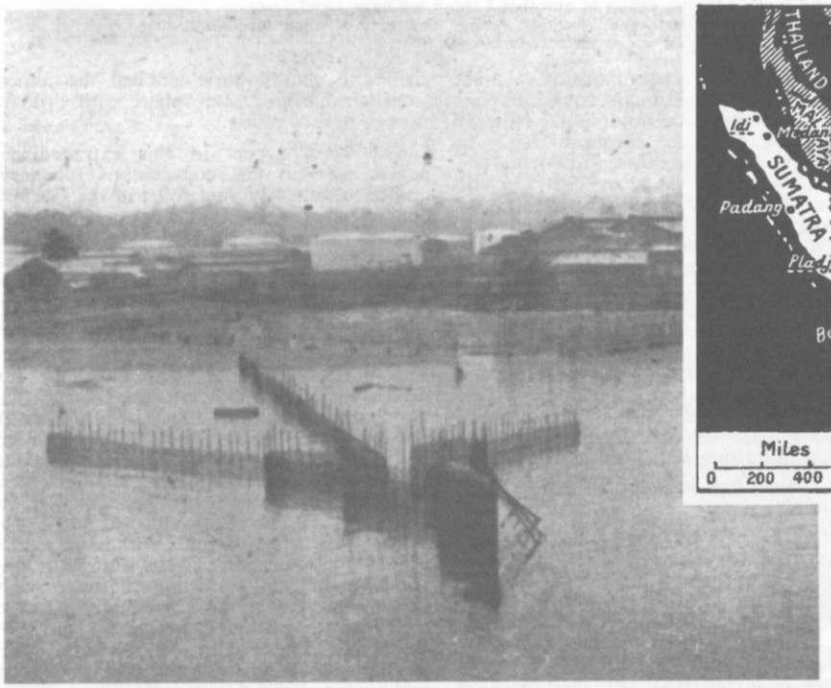
Photos, Wide World, Keystone, Central Press

What the Cameraman Saw at Sarawak

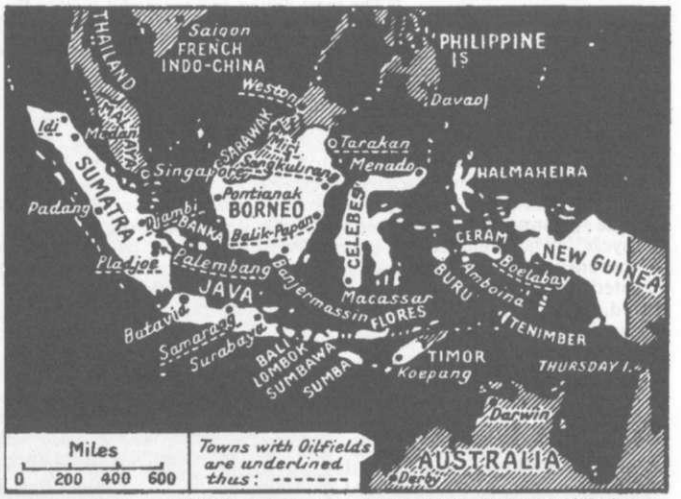


SARAWAK, where the Japanese made their first landings on Dec. 17, 1941, lies on the N.W. coast of Borneo. The photograph at the top of the page shows the port of Miri, which is the centre of an important oilfield. Centre, one of the first photographs received of the invasion of Sarawak, showing Japanese infantry with a light field-gun after landing. Above, Japanese troops climbing over an obstruction are lit by the glare from a blazing petroleum field set alight by the defenders before it could fall into enemy hands. *Photos, L. T. Lucas, Keystone*

Oilfields Now 'Scorched' by Our Dutch Ally



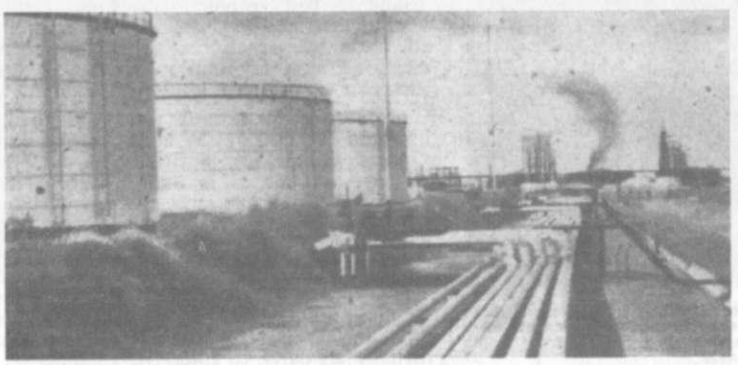
BALIK PAPAN, on the east coast of Borneo, is one of the most important oil ports of the Netherlands East Indies. It has extensive oil-product manufactories as well as refineries. Some of the storage tanks and plant are seen above, with the edge of the jungle in the background.

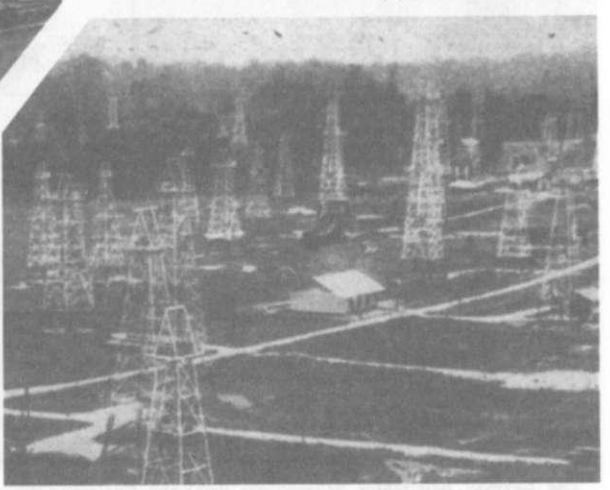


OILFIELDS of the Dutch East Indies archipelago. This is particularly rich in oilfields and its output of crude petroleum in 1938 amounted to 7,400,000 metric tons.

An oil well in the centre of the island of Sumatra belonging to the Nederlandsche Koloniale Petroleum Maatschaapij.

SUMATRA is an island, rich like Borneo, in petroleum deposits. Above are seen the oil tanks at Palembang, attacked by the Japanese on Feb. 14. The output of the Palembang oilfield is 4,250,000 tons a year. Below, part of the oil installations of the Royal Dutch Oil Company at Pladjoe, Sumatra.





TARAKAN, rich oil island off Dutch Borneo, captured by the Japanese in January. It is stated to be, for its size, the richest oil land in the world. *Photos, L. T. Lucas, G.P.U., E.N.A.*

From Brest Hitler's Ships Got Safe Home

"The most daring and successful (within limits) action of any that I think we have faced since The Dutch sailed up the Medway nearly 300 years ago"—so Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for India, described the action which we review below.

At 1.35 on the morning of Feb. 13 the Admiralty and Air Ministry issued a communiqué to the effect that the German warships, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau (26,000 tons each), and the 10,000-ton cruiser, Prinz Eugen, accompanied by torpedo-boats, E-boats and minesweepers, had been in action in the Channel with our aircraft and destroyers. The significant paragraph in the communiqué read as follows: "When last sighted, the enemy, which had become separated, were making for the ports in the Heligoland Bight."

It is hardly surprising that the public were startled by this sensational, if brief, information. They had long been under the impression that the English Channel was inviolate, at least to German battleships. Further, as a result of 110 night and day bombing attacks on these ships, immured for nearly a year at Brest—Mr. Churchill disclosed on Feb. 17 that 4,000 tons of bombs had been dropped in the course of 3,299 bomber sorties, at a cost of 43 aircraft and 247 Air Force personnel—they had reason to think that the familiar S & G and the Prinz were hardly fit enough to take so long and hazardous a trip.

The mystery deepened still more when it was learned that Bomber Command had visited Brest only a few hours before the departure of the German vessels, and that it was not until about 11 a.m. on Feb. 12 that R.A.F. aircraft reported that an enemy squadron was approaching the Dover Straits from westward heavily escorted by fighter aircraft. Thus more than three hours of daylight in which an attack on these German ships might have been fatally effective was apparently lost. This delay in getting to grips with the enemy, and the possibility of lack of cohesion between Coastal Command and the Admiralty, and between the other R.A.F. Commands and the Admiralty, became the subject of an official inquiry, appointed by Mr. Churchill in accordance with his peech on Feb. 17.

Let us try to follow the course of this engagement. Having reached a point of 400 miles from Brest, and being already near the Narrows on their way to the open North Sea by 11 a.m. on Thursday morning, it can be assumed that the German squadron had started some time before midnight. Admiral Ciliax had chosen the moment well; he lacked nothing for meteorological intelligence and the weather was excellent for this purpose. The ships hugged the French coast and were protected by relays of fighter aircraft from aerodromes all the way. They formed a vast umbrella of steel over the whole convoy. This weather, so favourable to the enemy, was a great handicap to our air reconnaissance; as it happened the battleships were "spotted" between Berck and Le Touquet by two Spitfires flying low beneath the clouds on a shipping reconnaissance. These were furiously attacked by 12 Me.109s as well as A.A. fire, but they managed to escape to their base.

Swordfish into the Inferno

Our first aircraft to get into action were six Swordfish from the Fleet Air Arm, which were ordered to take off when the enemy ships were reported at 11.35 a.m. to be at the western entrance to the Straits of Dover. Led by Lieut.-Commander E. Esmonde, D.S.O., R.N., they attacked heedless of the overwhelming odds against them. They well knew how vulnerable were their machines to the enemy's fighters, and that the German ships would put up a veritable flaming wall of "flak." But each pilot, like a modern Icarus, flew into the inferno, pressed his attack home as best he could, and disappeared. Not one Swordfish returned to its base, and of the 18 men composing their crews only five were saved by our light craft.

Next, a formation of British torpedo-bombers with an escort of fifty fighters, followed at short intervals by fresh waves of fighters and Hurricane bombers, rushed to the assault. The sea and air battle unique in the history of warfare increased in violence. The sky was literally alive with conflicting planes darting all over the place, diving, ascending, stalling, and crashing. Bomb, shell and cannon-burst stabbed the almost impenetrable grey atmosphere with brilliant orange flashes of fire.

The Navy's part in this extraordinary action was no less conspicuous for verve and heroism. The first ships of the German convoy were sighted at about 12.30 p.m., when a number of M.T.B.s struck in against heavy fire and enemy aircraft which dived on them continuously. The M.T.B.s hung on grimly, releasing their torpedoes, but owing to a heavy smoke screen it was impossible to say whether any of these had taken effect.

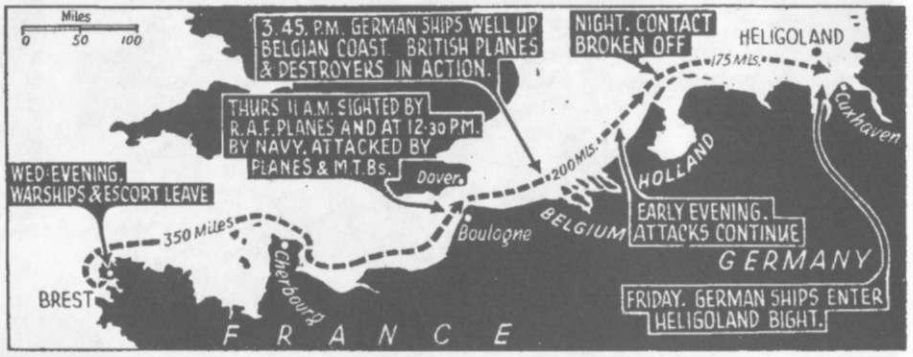
A magnificent effort was made by our destroyers. Called from the North Sea, they could only join issue with the swift-moving enemy ships if they risked the mine-fields. There was no time to make a detour through the swept channels. Straight across these fields of death our destroyers, under Captain C. T. M. Pizey, stormed into battle, defying a whole arsenal of naval guns. Eighteen 11-inch guns, twenty-four 5·9s and twenty-eight 4·1s belonging to the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. In addition, there were eight 8-inch and twelve 4·1 guns on the Prinz Eugen and innumerable other weapons, not to mention the aerial armament and hurtling bombs. Everything was done by German aircraft to divert our fire from its main objective, the huge German battleships.

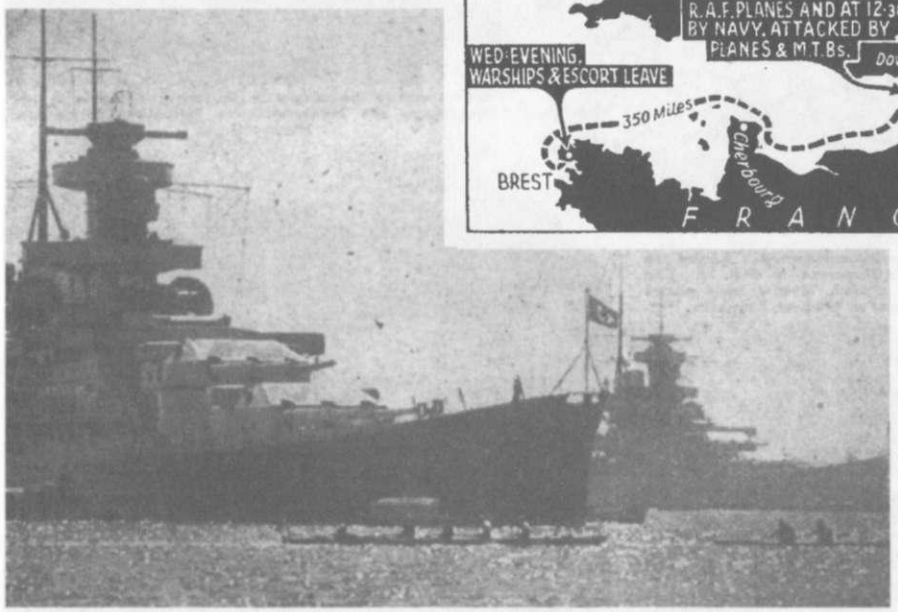
The British destroyers put their helms over at about one mile and three-quarters from the enemy and let go their torpedoes. Lieut.-Commander E. C. Coats, R.N., of H.M.S. Worcester went even closer in and engaged the battleships from no more than across a mile and a quarter of turbulent sea. The Worcester was hit and set on fire forward. She was stopped, her crew got the fire under, started her engines again and were able to bring her back to port under her own steam.

Another destroyer attack was made on the Prinz Eugen led by H.M.S. Mackay (Captain J. P. Wright, R.N.). The German cruiser protecting the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau bore down on the destroyers. Our torpedoes were fired at close range, but owing to bad visibility it was not certain whether she had been hit. Notwithstanding all these valiant efforts, the enemy ships escaped about nightfall on Feb. 12, and entered a German port in Heligoland Bight.

Our losses in aircraft amounted to 20 bombers (including 5 machines of the Coastal Command), 6 Swordfish, and 16 fighters. As far as is known, the enemy lost about 20 fighters and some escort ships. There is no doubt that some damage was done to the enemy's big ships.

Naturally enough, the Nazis were cock-a-hoop. In a broadcast on Feb. 14 Rear-Admiral Lützow boasted that "for the first time for 250 years a fleet of an enemy of Britain has dared to enter the Channel . . .





The German battleships Scharnhorst (left) and Gneisenau photographed when they were at Kiel. The story of their escape from Brest to a German port via the Dover Straits is told in this page and the map traces their route and shows where they were attacked.

Photo, E.N.A. Map by Courtesy of News Chronicle

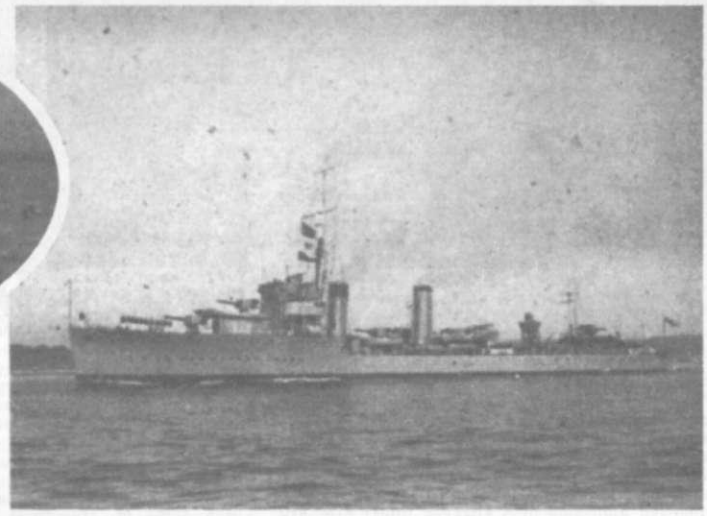
Salute to the Men Who Gave Them Chase

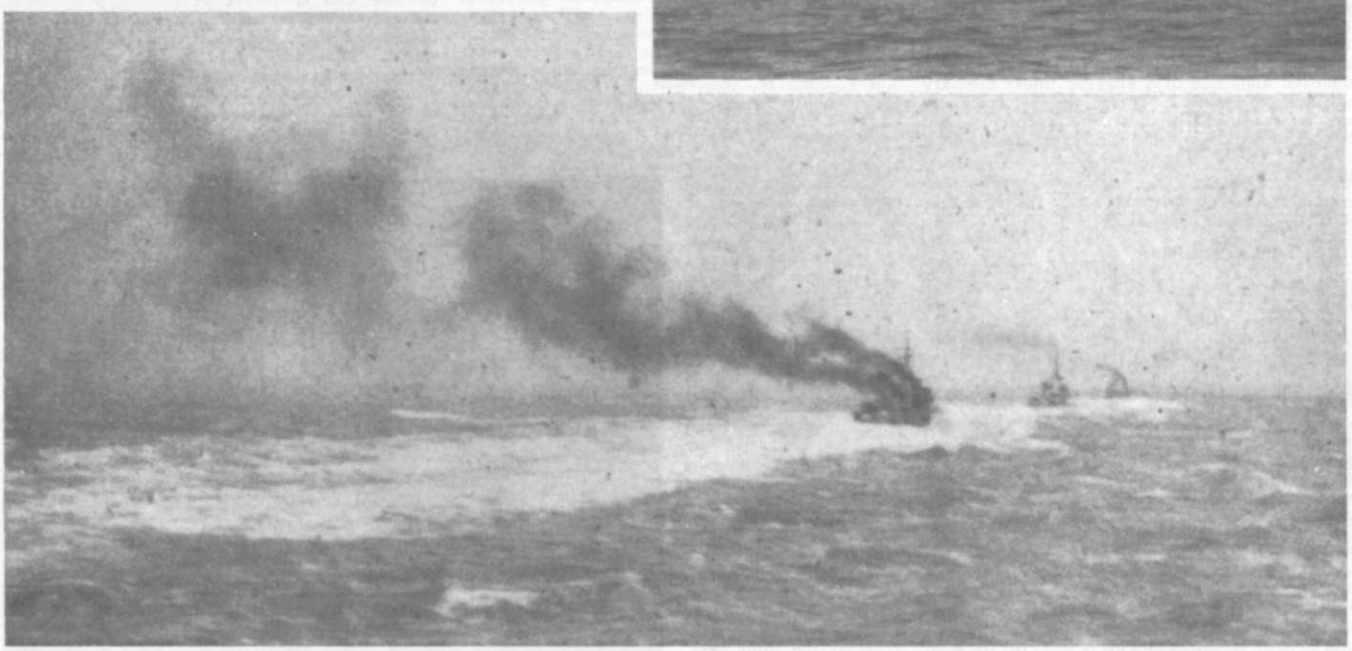
Sub.-Lieut. E. Lee (below) was the only one who escaped uninjured of the 18 men who flew their six Swordfish into action against the German battleships. Only five men, four of them wounded, returned from the engagement.

Lieut. Commander E. Esmonde, D.S.O. (below), who led the Swordfish attack on the German warships in the Dover Straits, was killed, together with his crew, after having sent a torpedo straight at the leading battleship.

The Wing Commander of a Blenheim Squadron which took part in the attack (third from left) chats with his men on returning to their station. At least one hit on a German battle-cruiser was scored by this squadron.

Captain C. T. M. Pizey, R.N. (centre), who led the destroyer attack in H.M.S. Campbell, photographed after the action with Gunnery Officers Lieut. M. B. Collings (left) and Lieut. A. E. Fanning.





RACING INTO ACTION against the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Prinz Eugen off the Dutch coast are H.M.S. Worcester and other destroyers. The Worcester, braving the Germans' heavy guns, went into within a mile and a quarter of the enemy before firing her torpedoes. She was hit and set on fire, but returned safely to harbour. Centre right, H.M.S. Campbell, flotilla leader, a destroyer of 1,530 tons, carrying six 21-inch torpedo tubes in triple mountings and armed with five 4·7-inch guns. *Photos, Planet News, Associated Press, Wide World, Wright & Logan, The Daily Mirror*

Our Searchlight on the War

MILLIONS OF WASTED HOURS

Lord Gainford pointed out in the House of Lords on Feb. 10 that pottery work is not an industry vital to the war effort. In any case, it is an extraordinary muddle that growing children should be allowed to work fifty-three hours a week at a trade which is dangerous to their health, when there is other labour available.

IT would be interesting to know how much potential labour in Britain is being wasted by ridiculous restrictions. Take the A.R.P. personnel, for instance. There are 250,000 full-time Civil Defence workers. Apart from "clocking in and out" on their shifts they have been able to do very little work of national importance for months. Many patriotic wardens and firemen admit a sense of frustration and would be glad to amalgamate their duties with work more directly concerned at the moment with the war effort. It is true that arrangements are now being made for this reservoir of labour to be more effectively used, but this concession from Trade Union interests is so hedged with restrictions as to produce an almost negative result. Skilled Civil Defence volunteers can be employed only on "constructional work of national importance connected with civil defence," and they receive the modest sum of 5s. a week for up to 24 hours' work, or 7s. 6d. if over 30 hours' work. In such capacity they can exercise their peacetime trades for not more than six hours a day. Nor must they be employed alongside men engaged under ordinary industrial conditions. Under no circumstances may, for example, the painter or carpenter in Civil Defence uniform work on the same ladder or at the same bench as his fellow-craftsmen. Where is the comprehensive plan that will make practical use of idle hands in the place where they are most wanted—the war factories?

H.M. THE QUEEN watching parcels being packed for Indian prisoners of war during a visit to India House on Feb. 17. Her Majesty was keenly interested in the work of the Indian Comforts Fund, which also sends food and clothing to Indian soldiers and seamen. *Photo, P.N.A.*

BELGIAN 'COOLIES'

In 1941 the Belgian national expenditure totalled 36,640,000,000 francs, while the revenue was only 15,530,000,000 francs. The official costs of German occupation, which were 15,150,000,000 (as against 4,500,000,000 in 1940), practically equalled the total revenue.—*I.T.F. ; Facts and Figures about the Dictatorships.*

THESE figures are eloquent of the working of the New Order in Belgium. The Nazi Herrenvolk, or overlords, have appropriated the whole of the Belgian people. They either work for the tyrant, starve, or go to the concentration camp. In addition to this crippling penalty Belgium had to deliver in 1941, 7,850,000,000 francs' worth of goods and labour for which she had nothing but a credit balance in Berlin. Of this amount 6,500,000,000 francs represent a compulsory loan of goods, and over 1,000,000,000 francs remittances from Belgians working in Germany to their families which the German authorities did not pay out, but caused the Belgian bank to issue in advance. This is what the German Brusséler Zeitung describes as Belgium's contribution towards financing the war against Bolshevism and its allies. The cynicism of this remark is typical. Russian communism, or Bolshevism, as the Germans and their lickspittles in Spain and Italy persist in calling it, is a genuine effort to improve the lot of the workers. Nazism is a system whereby all the workers are turned into coolies to enrich a minority of German overlords. Hitler hopes that the workers of the world will be united some day, not in freedom and prosperity, but in a chain-gang for the benefit of the German peoples as a whole.

COLLECTIVE SECURITY

It is not necessary that an international organization aiming at security and collaboration should include from the start all the European nations. But it is essential that Great Britain and Russia should take their stand by the side of the lesser States.—*Dr. Nintchitch, Yugoslav Minister for Foreign Affairs*

THE League of Nations failed because certain nations were neither ready for nor wanted the democratic principles inherent in its structure. The United States, whence it originated, in President Wilson's mind, deserted the League, but Britain "joined up," and, true to the disarmament policy upon which it was founded, disbanded her armies and "scuttled" her ships. History repeats itself, but it is to be hoped most fervently that no such folly will inspire our post-war politicians. Do we not owe our present troubles to the futility of pacifism, which is incompatible with a Great Power? It was an invitation to the political pirates in Germany, Italy and Japan to hoist their Jolly Rogers and set forth for the loot in the form of riches that Britain left about like "unconsidered trifles." We have temporarily lost our possessions in the Far East, but the question might be asked whether we deserved to hold them. Britain will get them back at great cost, but whether we can keep them will depend on our will and strength to defend them. Make no mistake, Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese aggressors are not phenomenal freaks. Such men are only super-cracksmen and they recur in history. The progressive nations, Britain, Russia and the United States will take charge of the future, but as armed guardians of the peace, and not pacifist visionaries.

BACK TO THE MUD

The Ostdeutscher Beobachter reports that among the ruins of Wolkowysk a large quantity of stone axes, tinders and flints, iron weapons and bone spindles have been discovered. With the aid of these it will be possible to establish the national-political features of this area in ancient times.

SOMEBODY once brilliantly diagnosed the whole Nazi movement as a *nostalgia for the mud*. It may well be that the Germans are the missing link between the ape and the human being, and have managed to outwit evolution and remain like their original parents. Here is something for the scientists to get their teeth into, but is it not strange, to say the least, that the Germans are always delving into the remote past for facts or legends applicable to, if not explanatory of, their aboriginal pedigree? Surely their historic and interminably boring desire to be supermen is an acknowledgment of their conscious inferiority. Whether the stone axes, iron weapons and bone spindles found at Wolkowysk fit in perfectly with the national-political features of Nazism or not, there is no doubt that they symbolize the time-lag in Nazi psychology. When Hitler's swastika fades as the national emblem, the Neanderthal skull (which was found near Düsseldorf) and two stone axes might be adopted.

ADMIRAL AND MINISTER stroll beneath the 15-in. guns of the Queen Elizabeth during a recent visit of Capt. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of State, to Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet. *British Official*

COLONEL BLIMP'S PROGRESS

Mr. David Low, the cartoonist, first drew his engaging character, Colonel Blimp, eight years ago. Are there as many Blimps in the Empire today as then? We hope not.

IF ridicule could kill, Mr. David Low's Colonel Blimp, that fatuous type of military expert, who is always preparing for the last war and pompously wrong about everything in this, would long ago have been interred without military honours. The famous cartoonist has recently told us over the wireless that the idea of Blimp occurred to him about ten years past when in a Turkish bath he was listening to a couple of fat asses in their birthday suits telling one another that what Japan did was no business of Britain. "Someone ought to draw something about all this," said Low to himself, *sotto voce*, under the steam. Whether there are fewer Blimps in this country than there were in 1931 who can say? But it has been suggested that the Blimp mentality has not decreased in numbers east of Suez. A well-known Blimp is the one who is always painfully surprised when the enemy does something rather unusual, unexpected and successful, as if the whole art of war was not to surprise your opponent and take him off his guard. Does Blimp then still use the expression, "It isn't cricket," or has he awakened to the crass idiocy of such a remark? Let us preserve a Blimp or two. We could ill afford to spare the laughter he gives us in these grim days.

HOME GUARD PIKE, described by Lord Croft, Under-Secretary for War, as "a most effective and silent weapon," is considered a "last hope" by at least one Company Commander. This Home Guard certainly seems to prefer his tommy-gun. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Britain's War Cabinet: Old Faces and New

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Prime Minister and Minister of Defence.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, who remains Foreign Secretary.

MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON, Minister of State, with general supervision over production.

OUR new War Cabinet, announced on Feb. 20, consists of seven instead of nine members as previously. One newcomer, Sir Stafford Cripps, is included, and the three departing ministers are Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Kingsley Wood, and Mr. Arthur Greenwood. Lord Beaverbrook was invited to join the new War Cabinet, but declined on health grounds. He will go to America to continue his work in regard to the pooling of resources between the United Nations.

MR. C. R. ATTLEE, Deputy Prime Minister and Dominions Secretary.

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labour and National Service.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, Lord President of the Council.

Photos, Central Press, Topical Press, Associated Press, Wide World, Fox

From Rangoon to Darwin One Long Battle

Confused indeed was the position in the south-west Pacific following upon the disastrous surrender of Singapore. Fighting went on continuously in a score of places, and here it is possible to reflect only the high lights of the vast struggle. See map in page 514.

SINCE the Burma Road is the Chinese life line, and since the continued resistance of China is one of the principal hopes and mainstays of the Allies, there was ever-deepening anxiety as the Japanese pushed relentlessly towards Rangoon, ocean terminus of the great highway.

Moulmein was evacuated by the British on Jan. 31, and fresh positions were taken up on the western bank of the Salween. Here a determined effort was made to halt the invader, but the Japanese were in overwhelming strength, and by the capture of Martaban on Feb. 11 and Thaton on Feb. 16 they outflanked the Salween defenders. Once again General Hutton's men were compelled to fall back, this time to positions which had been hastily prepared along the line of the Bilin river. Action was swiftly joined, and the Japanese preponderance in arms and men was soon made apparent. There was a gallant diversion on the part of Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese operating from the Shan states, who delivered a big thrust at Chiengmai, northern terminus of the railway to Bangkok. But soon it was apparent that the Bilin line could not be held much longer, and the week-end brought news of fighting on its western side, between the Bilin and the Sittang. This brought the Japanese within some 75 miles of Rangoon; and the significance of their advance was apparent from an official statement issued on Feb. 20 from Chungking, concerning the results to date of General Chiang Kai-shek's visit to India. It was revealed that concrete measures had been decided upon for the transportation of supplies direct from India to China, by a new route whose capacity would exceed that of the Burma Road. "The use of Rangoon," it went on, "as the port of entry has therefore been abandoned, and its approaches have been mined."

No details of the new road were issued, but it was generally assumed that the reference was to the partly completed Assam Road which has been under construction since the summer of 1939. As the map in this page shows, it runs from Chungking to Sadiya in Assam, which is the railhead of the Bengal-Assam railway, giving it connexion with Calcutta and Chittagong on the Bay of Bengal. Its total length is given as about 2,200 miles, of which (so far as is known) only 500 miles have been constructed as yet. The difficulties involved are enormous, greater even than those which confronted the builders of the Burma Road. Its "roof" is 9,000 feet, several thousand feet higher than that of the Burma Road. Between Chungking and Batang the road, running in a generally westward direction, must cross great rivers and several mountain ranges before, at Batang, it arrives in the Lower Himalayas. Here it proceeds south-west through some of the most mountainous country in Asia, a jumble of great ranges and precipitous defiles. Then just before entering Assam it drops from the clouds to the Brahmaputra valley. From Chittagong to Sadiya is about 600 miles; from Calcutta it is about 300 miles farther.

But the building of the Assam Road is part of a long-term policy; for the present the Burma Road is of much greater importance, and the Burma Road, following the threat to Rangoon, is now as good as closed. Moreover, consequent upon the Japanese triumph at Singapore, it may be expected that the Japanese fleet will make an incursion into the Indian Ocean with a view to cutting the far-stretched lines of Allied communications—those which lead to and from India by way of the Persian Gulf, round the Cape, and from Australia.

While the threats to Burma and India, and ultimately China, were developing, the Japanese conquests in the Dutch East Indies continued. Two days before Singapore's fall the Japanese launched a large-scale attack by sea and air against Palembang in south-east Sumatra, a great oil centre and one of the chief Dutch settlements in the Indies. The next day, Feb. 14, Japanese shock troops to the number of 700, armed with tommy-guns, light mortars and other weapons, were dropped by parachute in an attempt to capture the oil refineries, and clear the way for the landing of troops from the flotilla of transports which nosed their way through the narrow strait between Sumatra and the island of Banka. The parachutists were practically all wiped out by the Dutch defenders without much trouble; but under cover of a heavy bombardment the Japanese put thousands of men into small craft of every kind, sloops and motor-boats, rowing boats and rafts, in which they pushed up the Mosei river in the direction of Palembang. "Murderous havoc was played among the thousands of invaders," said an official account, "by the R.A.F. Hurricanes and Blenheims," but such was the weight of the enemy onslaught that it soon became apparent that the fall of Palembang could not be delayed more than a few hours. So the Dutch once again adopted their "scorched earth" tactics. Oil wells, installations, refineries and equipment—all went up in flames. It was described as the greatest voluntary destruction the world has ever seen, greater even than the blowing up of the Dnieper Dam in Russia. Said a spokesman over Batavia radio on Feb. 17, "We have lost the oil, but this loss is small compared with the fact that the Japanese too have lost it. We still have other sources of oil. They have not."

While the Japanese were battering their way into Palembang, other detachments of the apparently inexhaustible enemy were drawing a net round the great and vital island of Java. To the north of Borneo they seized Banjermassin, advancing along the coast from Balik Papan; in Celebes, Macassar was theirs. On Feb. 19 Darwin in Northern Australia was raided for the first time by Japanese aeroplanes; and on the next day Japanese landings were effected in Timor and Bali.

In Bali, which is separated from Java by only two miles of water the Dutch fought a determined delaying action. The Japanese were in considerable strength, and fierce fighting developed in the neighbourhood of Den Pasar, where is the island's one aerodrome and only good port, which they had no sooner secured than they were heavily bombed by Flying Fortresses, flown by American pilots. Their position, indeed, was not altogether a happy one, since not only were they bombed from the air, but they were cut off on the seaward side.

On the night of Feb. 19 an Allied squadron, consisting of Dutch cruisers and Dutch and American destroyers, attacked the strong concentration of enemy warships and transports off the east coast of Bali. One of the Allied destroyers was torpedoed and sunk, but the enemy had by far the worst of it. The battle continued for some days, and a statement issued by the Dutch East Indian Government on Feb. 23 declared that it could be assumed that the greater part of the fleet—nineteen was the figure mentioned—in which the Japanese set out for the conquest of Bali had been destroyed or badly damaged. The single ship which succeeded in escaping destruction had fled.

Said an Indies Government spokesman in Batavia the same day: The magnificent successes of the Allied sea and air forces justify the belief that the conquest of Bali means to the Japanese as pyrrhic a victory as the conquest of the burning homes at Tarakan, Balik Papan and Palembang."

THE ASSAM ROAD, the presumed course of which is shown by the dotted line in the map above, is understood to be the new route by which supplies will be sent to China. The use of Rangoon as the port of entry for Burma Road supplies was abandoned before the end of February. *Courtesy of The Daily Telegraph*

Foes and Friends on the Pacific War Fronts

Radioed from Tokyo to Berlin, this photograph shows the opening phase of the Battle of Singapore from the Japanese side. Japanese troops are in position on the mainland facing the island, awaiting zero hour for the assault. *Photo, G.P.U.*

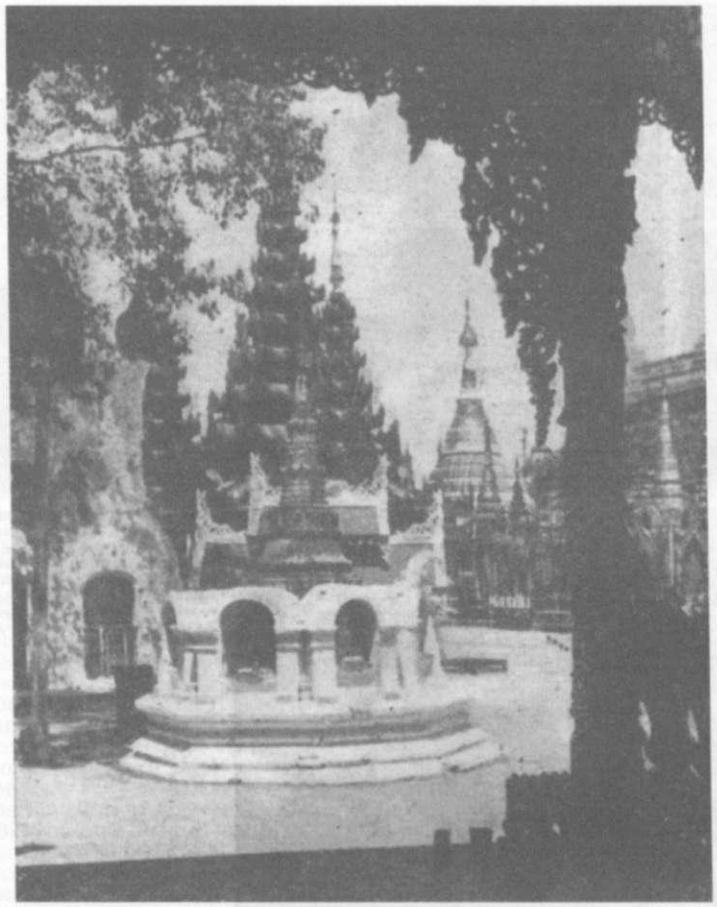
Taken aboard a Japanese invasion barge, this photograph shows Japanese troops about to make a landing on the shores of Luzon, in the Philippines—where General MacArthur still puts up a great resistance. *Photo, Keystone*

This radioed picture from Melbourne shows Pacific Naval chiefs in conference in Australia. Left to right are: Vice-Admiral H. L. Leary, U.S. Navy, Commanding the Combined Naval Forces in the Anzac area; Vice-Admiral Sir Guy Royle, R.N., First Naval Member of the Commonwealth Naval Board, and Commodore W. E. Parry, Chief of N.Z. Naval Staff. *Photo, Planet News*

Below, transporting light artillery by pack horses over the difficult terrain of the island of Java. Java contains the headquarters of General Wavell's Command. *Photo, Sport & General*

Below, the Government House and War Memorial at Darwin, seaport of Northern Australia, only separated from the Japanese forces which invaded Timor by the 310 miles of the Timor Sea. *Courtesy of Australian Govt*

In Burma 'We Intend With the Men and Material Which Continue to F



In Russia the Cossacks Ride Again

Are the days of cavalry over? The Soviet High Command does not think so, and the daring and successful exploits of the Cossacks on the Eastern front have shown that the horse can negotiate ground over which tanks and motor-lorries cannot advance; mounted men armed with automatic weapons can gallop over rough ground that would slow up any motor-cyclist; and cavalry bands, well handled, can be a terror to the enemy's unprotected flanks.

On the vast Russian front, from the Ukraine to Leningrad, the Don, Kuban and Terek Cossacks are fighting the Nazis with all their traditional skill. Of course, it would be folly to throw cavalry, unsupported, into a modern battle, and the Soviet cavalry units are supplied with machine-guns, artillery and even tanks. The cavalrymen themselves are taught not only horse-riding but also bayonet-fighting, bomb-throwing, trench-digging and ski-ing.

The horse is the means of locomotion which enables a blow to be struck quickly and unexpectedly. For instance, recently the Germans made a break-through near a very important point. For twenty-four hours Cossack troops raced from one flank to another, through forests and across rivers covered with thin ice, where no tank could venture, went into action and checked the enemy until the breach could be repaired.

On one occasion the 2nd Guards Cavalry Corps, with their famous leader Major-General Dovator (since reported killed in action) at their head, broke through the German front line, penetrated deep into the enemy's rear and for many days, behind the backs of the German generals, smashed headquarters, dispersed transports and disrupted communications. Into such a panic were the Germans thrown that an Order had to be issued announcing to the Nazi troops that, contrary to rumours, not 100,000 but only 18,000 Cossacks had penetrated their rear. In fact, there were only 3,000, but they twice scattered the headquarters of the 6th German Army.

This is how one of Dovator's successful raids was carried out. The Cossacks took no baggage train with them, but carried everything they needed on their horses. After smashing an advanced battalion of the 66th "Hitler" Infantry Regt. and routing the Rumanian Royal Guard, they penetrated about 60 miles into the enemy positions. There they became complete masters of the situation, damaging roads and communications, burning stores and destroying motor columns and fuel lorries. For twelve days they harried the enemy without respite. On the second day of the raid they ran into the 9th battalion of the 430th Infantry Regt. and after a pitched battle destroyed it.

When informed by partisans that the Germans were forming special detachments to exterminate his Cossacks, Gen. Dovator broke up his formation into small groups which began acting independently in all directions. Making their base in a dense forest, the Cossacks appeared in the night or at dawn where they were least expected. From the surrounding woods stranded Red Army men and officers rallied to the Cossacks and Dovator furnished them with rifles and machine-guns captured from the enemy. In twelve days he had thus armed a detachment of 1,000 men. Destruction during the raid included 2,500 German soldiers, 10 guns, 87 machine-guns, 115 lorries, six tanks, two ammunition dumps and three wireless stations. When it was time for them to return to their lines, local inhabitants led them through dense woods to the rear of the German front line. On a misty morning they charged their way through the Germans from the rear, broke through and returned safely to their own units, leaving behind them over 1,000 armed men as guerillas.

Hero of the Soviet Union

Major-General Lev Dovator commanded the Red Cossack Corps which was recently renamed the 2nd Guards Cavalry Corps. For his daring and heroism in battle he was awarded the title of Hero of the Soviet Union. Another famous Russian cavalry commander is Major-General Byelov, commander of the 1st Guards Cavalry Corps, whose troops fought splendidly in the Ukraine later and in the defence of Moscow, routing the Germans after they had broken through in the Tula sector.

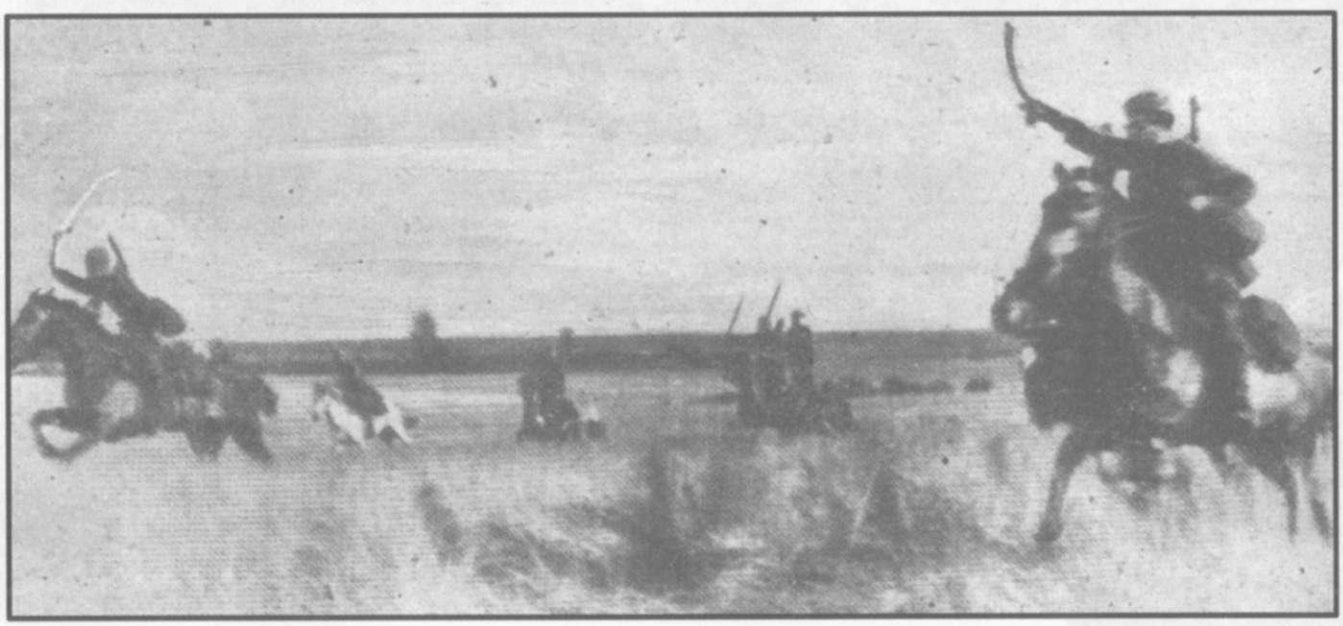
A woman war-correspondent, Eugenie Krueger, went to interview Dovator when he was fighting on the Moscow front. It was no easy matter to find his headquarters. The only accurate direction that could be given her was—"Look for Dovator where the fighting is hottest." When she did reach his H.Q. she summed up her impressions of the man in this manner:

"The day was drawing to a close when the General returned from the main line. Without pausing to remove his coat he walked over to the table and, unfolding a map, proceeded to explain the situation and the plan of subsequent operations. His speech was quick, laconic. Giving little time to minor detail, he tried to make everybody understand his main idea. His enthusiasm is contagious, his speech picturesque and expressive. This is how he speaks of his Guardsmen:

"'Our weapons? Rifle! Sabre! Hand-grenade! Fire bottles! There is one of my commanders, believe it or not, he once got on a horse and attacked a tank. Queer chap. But what can you do with him if he actually did destroy the tank? And he is by no means young. I scolded him, but inwardly I thought: This old boy is made of real stuff, he is a real Guardsman.'"

Yes, they are all made of the real stuff, these Cossacks—and the Nazis fear them. In the letter of a German N.C.O., one Kurt Gerch, we read: "The most terrible thing I have ever experienced is a Cossack attack. We were blinded by the glitter of their sabres and deafened by their savage shouts."

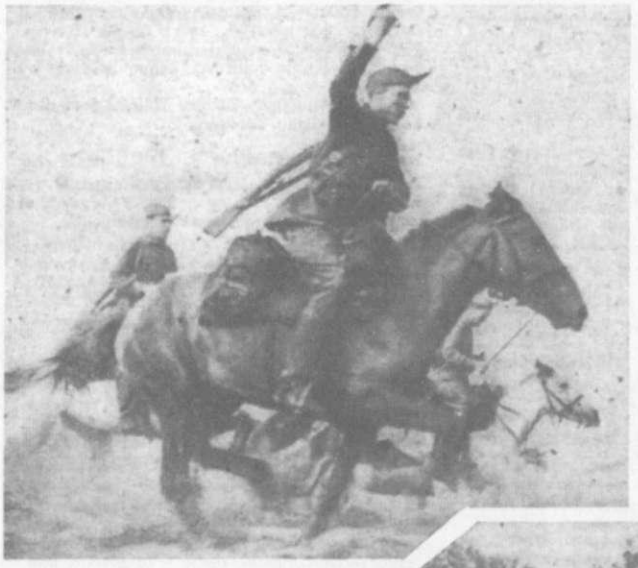
And here, to end with, is the tale of the five messengers. A squadron of Cossacks was trying to fight its way out of a deep valley, where they were being hemmed in by German tank detachments. Their commander had to send for reinforcements and chose five dispatch riders for the job, hoping that one, at least, would get through. All were given sealed envelopes with an identical message, and they made for the only gap in the German ring which was covered by cross-fire from German machine-guns. In full view of the Germans they climbed the hillside. In a moment not less than ten machine-guns were trained upon the horsemen. The five Cossacks fell from the saddle, seeming to trail lifeless from the stirrup as their horses dragged the men along the snow-covered ground. As soon as the horses disappeared over the brow of the hill the seemingly helpless riders sprang into the saddle again. All five reached headquarters.



SOVIET CAVALRY are seen galloping into action on the Eastern Front in this photograph radioed direct from Moscow to London. Colonel-General Gorodovikov, a Soviet cavalry commander, stated recently: "Formidable Cossack groups are gathering on the Don, in Kuban and Terek. The peoples of the North Caucasus and Daghestan, the Turkmenians and Tajiks, the Kazakhs, Kalmucks, Bashkirians, Tartars and other descendants of Jenghiz Khan's troops are forming new cavalry units."

Photo, Planet News

Red Horsemen Eager for the Fight



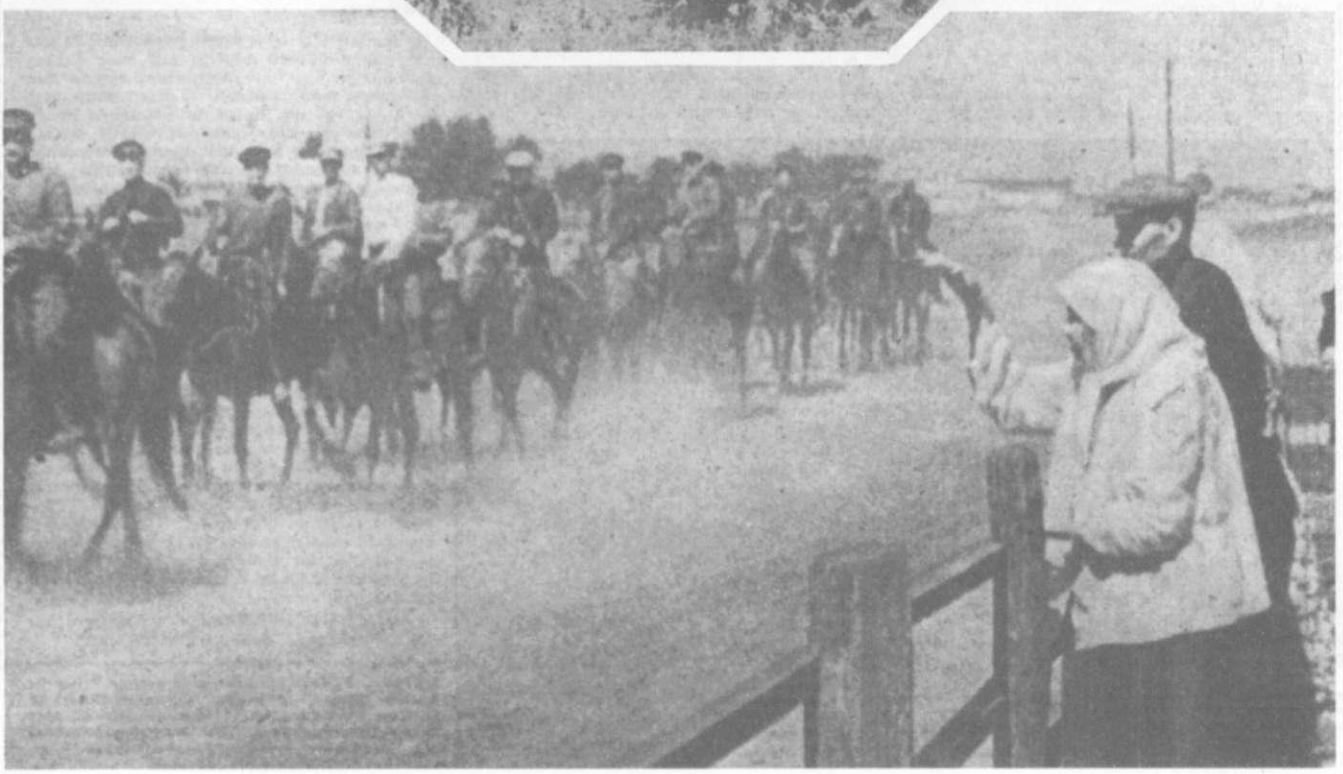
SOVIET CAVALRY, emerging from their hiding-place, gallop forward to attack the enemy. The Cossacks have a reputation as horsemen second to none, and their furious attacks have time and again demoralized the German infantry.

COSSACKS played a great part in the defence of Moscow, and here some of them are seen trotting along a forest ride near the outskirts of the city. Stalin himself praised them for their splendid work.

A group of Cossacks, members of the Soviet Popular Volunteer Force, are seen on the right receiving instruction from their leader. They have raided German communications with great effect.

The old mother of Marshal Budenny stands at the roadside of her native village, waving to Cossacks of her son's old regiment who have formed themselves into a People's Guard.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Keystone



Our Diary of the War

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18, 1942 *900th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced the successful passage of important British convoys through Mediterranean. Five enemy planes shot down, four more probably destroyed. One enemy heavy cruiser torpedoed by submarine; two cruisers and destroyer torpedoed by naval planes.

Russian Front.—Russians claimed capture of Zakhorova, west of Bryansk. Heavy fighting in the Crimea.

Africa.—Widespread patrol activity in Libya.

Far East.—Japs launched heavy attack against British line on Bilin River, Burma. Off Sumatra, where Jap forces pushed towards Sunda Straits, many invasion barges were sunk by Allied bombers. More Jap reinforcements landed in Luzon.

Home.—A Dornier 217 shot down off East Coast. Single raider bombed E. Anglian coast.

General.—Gen. Chiang Kai-shek had a long conversation with Mr. Gandhi in Calcutta.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19 *901st day*

Sea.—Two E-boats destroyed during night attack on a British convoy. One enemy bomber destroyed and four others damaged.

Russian Front.—Capture of Kresty, 80 miles N.W. of Smolensk, announced by Russians.

Far East.—Japanese who had crossed the Bilin River driven back. Chunking announced new overland route in use to replace Burma Road. Rangoon stated to be closed as a port of entry and its approaches mined. Allied reinforcements reported to have reached Java. U.S. fighters shot down 6 Jap planes over Surabaya. Fierce fighting in Palembang area, Sumatra.

Home.—Important changes in the War Cabinet announced (see page 537). Air Marshal Harris appointed A.O.C.-in-C. Bomber Command. Night bomber raided E. Anglian town.

Australia.—72 Japanese bombers raided Port Darwin, on northern coast of Australia, at 10 a.m. Second raid, by 21 bombers, about noon. At least six enemy aircraft destroyed.

General.—Riom trial opened.

FRIDAY, FEB. 20 *902nd day*

Air.—Fighter Command set an E-boat on fire during offensive patrols over Channel and N. France.

Russian Front.—Fighting in all sectors reached great intensity.

Far East.—Islands of Bali and Timor attacked by Japs. Invasion fleet off Bali heavily attacked by Allied bombers. Burma battle continued along Bilin River.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21 *903rd day*

Russian Front.—Heaviest fighting was around Leningrad, Rjev, Orel, Kursk, Kharkov, and the Crimea.

Africa.—In Libya a patrol of the Royals penetrated as far as Msus, raiding Rommel's base. Enemy vehicles were destroyed and prisoners captured.

Far East.—Allied H.Q. announced that losses inflicted on Jap invasion fleet on Feb. 19-20 off Bali were at least 1 cruiser sunk and five damaged; 2 destroyers sunk; 1 transport sunk and six damaged. In Burma, Japs advanced towards Pegu.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22 *904th day*

Air.—Bomber Command made night attack on ports and other targets in N.W. Germany. Docks at Ostend also bombed.

Russian Front.—Fifteen inhabited localities in a southern front sector reported to be occupied as the result of one day's fighting.

Africa.—Nazi forces moving up in Libya.

Far East.—In Burma fighting continued between the Sittang and Bilin Rivers. Enemy drive from Palembang towards the Sunda Strait, in Sumatra, being held up by Dutch forces.

Home.—Changes in six Ministries were announced from Downing St.

MONDAY, FEB. 23 *905th day*

Russian Front.—Moscow communiqué reported recapture by Red Army of Dorogobujh, 45 miles east of Smolensk.

Far East.—Little change in Burma. Japanese invasion fleet off Bali driven off with heavy loss. Japanese force on Bali fighting to hold part of the island.

Australia.—Part of the Northern Territory placed under military control.

General.—President Roosevelt broadcast from Washington.

One Crime Only Can Rob Us of Victory

HOW do matters stand now? Taking it all in all, are our chances of survival better or are they worse than in Aug. 1941? How is it with the British Empire or Commonwealth of Nations? Are we up or down?

The first and greatest of events is that the United States is now unitedly and wholeheartedly in the war with us . . . When I survey and compute the power of the United States and its vast resources and feel that they are now in it with us, with the British Commonwealth of Nations all together, however long it lasts, till death or victory, I cannot believe there is any other fact in the whole world which can compare with that. That is what I have dreamed of, aimed at and worked for, and now it has come to pass.

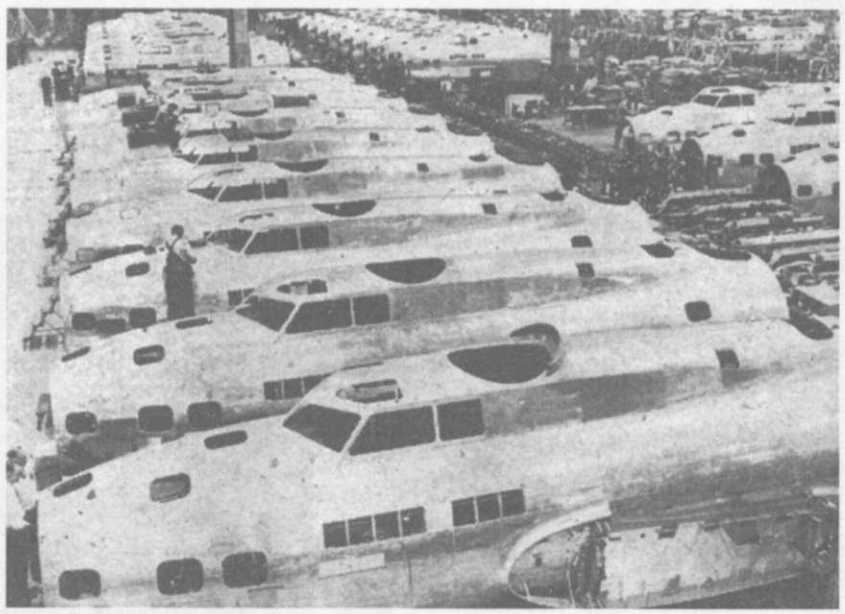
BUT there is another fact, in some ways more immediately effective. The Russian armies have not been defeated, they have not been torn to pieces. The Russian people have not been conquered or destroyed. Leningrad and Moscow have not been taken. The Russian armies are in the field. They are not holding the line of the Urals or the line of the Volga. They are advancing victoriously, driving the foul invader from that native soil they have guarded so bravely and love so well. More than that: for the first time they have broken the Hitler legend. Instead of the easy victories and abundant booty which he and his hordes had gathered in the West, he has found in Russia so far only disaster, failure, the shame of unspeakable crimes, the slaughter or loss of vast numbers of German soldiers, and the icy wind that blows across the Russian snow.

HERE, then, are two tremendous fundamental facts which will in the end dominate the world situation and make victory possible in a form never possible before. But there is another heavy and terrible side to the account, and this must be set in the balance against these inestimable gains. Japan has plunged into the war and is ravaging the beautiful, fertile, prosperous, and densely populated lands of the Far East . . . Tonight the Japanese are triumphant. They shout their exultation round the world. We suffer. We are taken aback. We are hard pressed. But I am sure even in this dark hour that "criminal madness" will be the verdict which history will pronounce upon the authors of Japanese aggression, after the events of 1942 and 1943 have been inscribed upon its sombre pages.

No one must underrate any more the gravity and efficiency of the Japanese war machine. Whether in the air or upon the sea or man to man on land they have already proved themselves to be formidable, deadly, and, I am sorry to say, barbarous antagonists. This proves a hundred times over that there never was the slightest chance, even though we had been much better prepared in many ways than we were, of our standing up to them alone while we had Nazi Germany at our throat and Facist Italy at our belly. It proves something else. And this should be a comfort and reassurance. We can now measure the wonderful strength of the Chinese people who under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek have single-handed fought this hideous Japanese aggressor for four and a half years and left him baffled and dismayed . . .

YOU know I have never prophesied to you or promised smooth and easy things, and now all I have to offer is hard adverse war for many months ahead. I must warn you, as I warned the House of Commons before they gave me their generous vote of confidence a fortnight ago, that many misfortunes, severe torturing losses, remorseless and gnawing anxieties lie before us. To our British folk these may seem even harder to bear when they are at a great distance than when the savage Hun was shattering our cities and we all felt in the midst of the battle ourselves. But the same qualities which brought us through the awful jeopardy of the summer of 1940 and its long autumn and winter bombardment from the air, will bring us through this other new ordeal, though it may be more costly and will certainly be longer. One fault, one crime, and one crime only, can rob the united nations and the British people, upon whose constancy this grand alliance came into being, of the victory upon which their lives and honour depend. A weakening in our purpose and therefore in our unity—that is the mortal crime. Whoever is guilty of that crime or of bringing it about in others, of him let it be said that it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea.

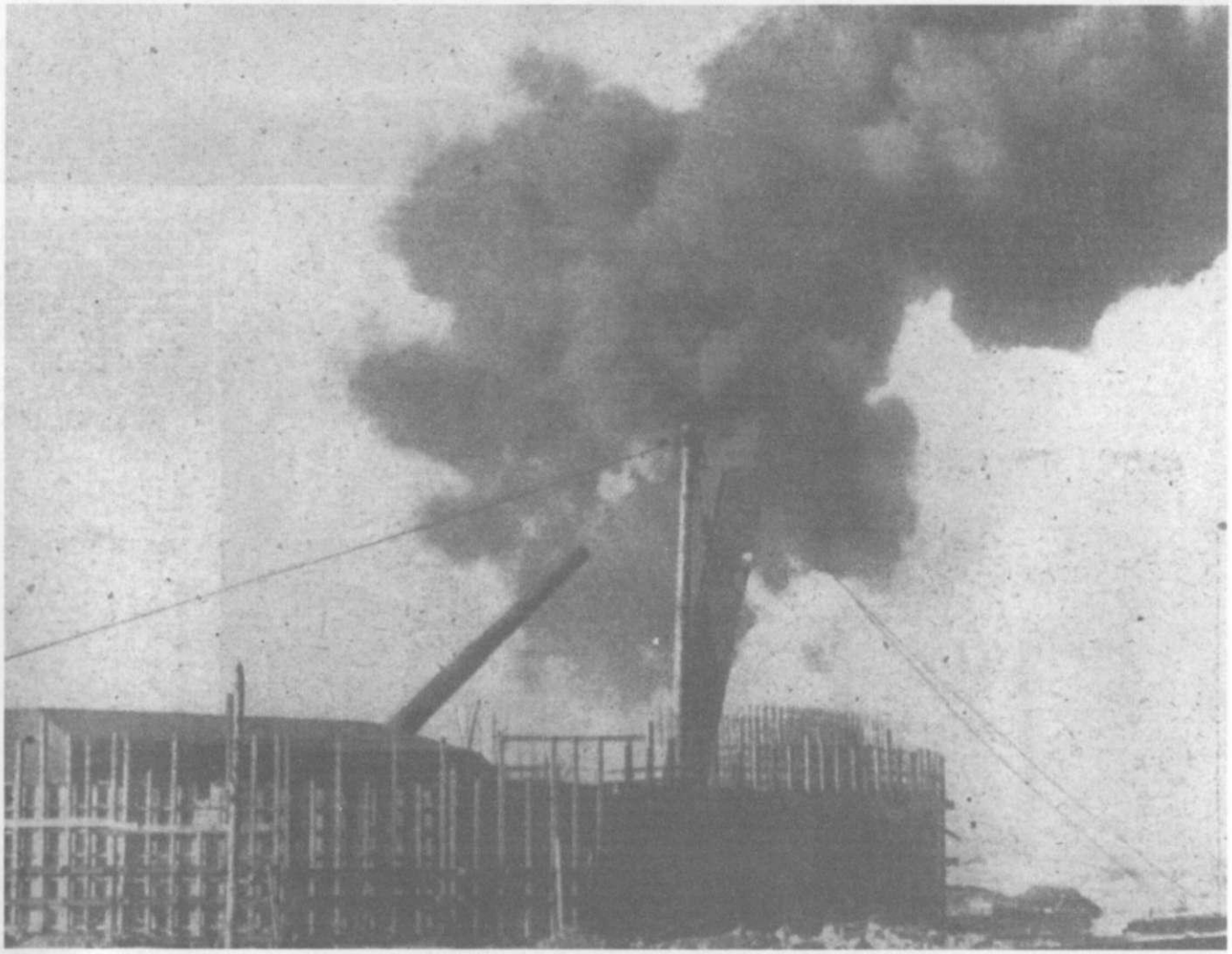
Mr. CHURCHILL in his "Singapore has fallen" broadcast, Sunday, Feb. 15, 1942.



FLYING FORTRESSES under construction in one of the Boeing Aircraft Company Plants at Seattle, Washington. New models of this famous four-engine bomber incorporate several advancements over previous types.
Photo, Central Press

Hitler's Guns Fire Across the Straits

Hitler confers with Prof. Albert Speer, the German architect. Herr Speer succeeded Dr. Todt, after the latter's death, as Hitler's Chief Engineer.



GERMAN COASTAL GUNS on the French shores still bombard the Dover area and Channel convoys from time to time. Above, one of these heavy German guns has just fired and the shell is hurtling across the Dover Straits. Top left, men of the Todt Organization, formed by the late Dr. Fritz Todt, are seen indulging in a little recreation after working on a battery emplacement on the French coast. These German guns are the object of constant attention by the R.A.F. during their offensive sweeps over the Channel.

Photos, Sport & General, Keystone

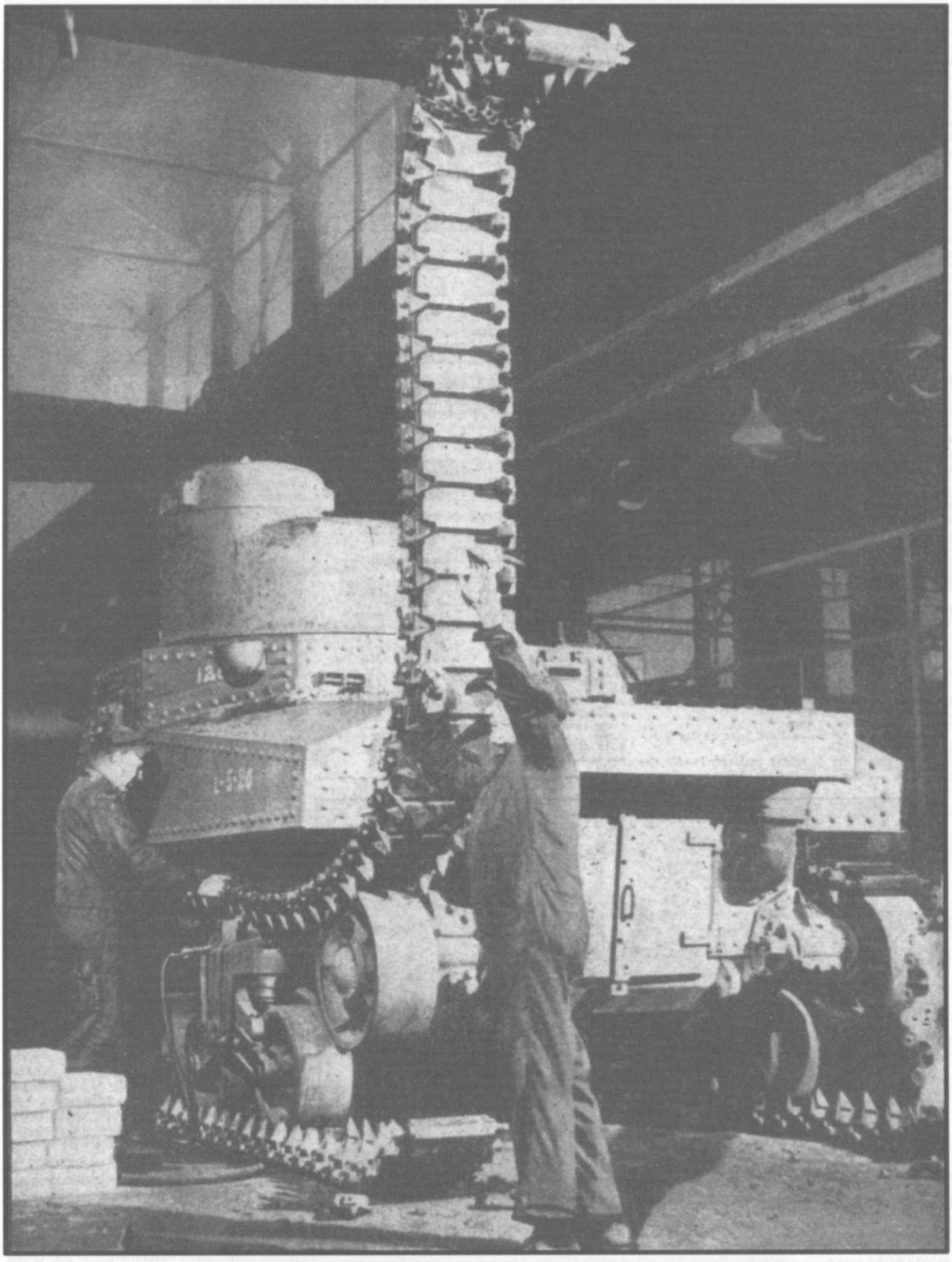
Sansom's Rough-Riders Have Powerful Mounts

The 5th Canadian (Armoured) Division, known as Sansom's Rough-Riders after their Divisional Commander, Maj.-Gen. E. W Sansom, arrived in Britain on Nov. 22, 1941. Canadian tank men are seen above during exercises in England using American "General Lee" tanks. It has been disclosed that some of Canada's own new heavy tanks, a type known as the "Ram," have already reached Britain.

The former Fort Garry Horse, crack Canadian cavalry regiment, is now a unit of the Canadian Armoured Division, and is training with American "General Lee" 30-ton cruiser tanks like that on the left. Note the American-type crash helmets.

Photos, Central Press

Vital Links in the War of Machines



TREADS FOR TANKS being assembled in a U.S. factory. These treads are put on to the rollers of the tank in two sections. First of all, the tank is hoisted by crane and lowered into the bottom section ; then the upper part is lowered from a crane and pulled over the rollers as shown in the photograph. Finally the two parts are bolted together by hand. *Photo, Central Press*

Above Singapore Floated the Flag of Japan

"Never has Britain lost so much face in the Orient. A fortress deemed impregnable has been reduced in nine weeks." So read the New York Times on the morrow of Singapore's fall. "Not since the collapse of France has the anti-aggressor cause suffered so catastrophic a blow."

SHORT of food, water, petrol and ammunition, his troops surrounded in Singapore city and the centre of the island, General Percival realized that it was impossible to carry on the defence any longer. This he indicated in a message to General Wavell. The last British communiqué was issued on Saturday, Feb. 14.

Today (it read) the enemy has maintained his pressure, supporting his attacks with a number of high-level bombing raids by large formations of aircraft, continual shelling by his artillery, and low dive-bombing attacks. His artillery have also shelled the town intermittently throughout the night and this morning. Our troops, British, Australian, Indian and Malay, are disputing every attempt to advance further towards the heart of Singapore town. In the town itself the civil defence services are making every effort to deal with the damage and civil casualties caused by hostile shelling and bombing.

On the afternoon of the next day, Feb. 15, a peace mission, headed by Major C. H. D. Wild, attached to the British General Staff, with four British officers, was dispatched to the Japanese Army headquarters with a white flag of truce. They were handed the Japanese peace terms and left the headquarters at 4.15 p.m., after arranging for a meeting between the leaders of the two armies.

Later on Sunday evening the meeting was held in the Ford motor plant at the foot of Bukit Timah hill, in the centre of the island. Accompanying Lt.-Gen. Percival were Brig.-Gen. K. S. Torrance, Major Wild, and Brig.-Gen. T. A. Newbiggin. They were met by Lt.-Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Expeditionary Force in Malaya. The meeting lasted 49 minutes. General Yamashita demanded unconditional surrender. According to the Japanese News Agency the following conversation ensued :

Lt.-Gen. Yamashita. I want your replies to be brief and to the point. I will only accept an unconditional surrender.

Lt.-Gen. Percival. Yes.

Have any Japanese soldiers been captured ?—No, not a single one.

What about the Japanese residents ?—All the Japanese residents interned by the British authorities have been sent to India. Their lives are fully protected by the Indian Government.

I want to hear whether you want to surrender or not. If you want to surrender I insist on its being unconditional. What is your answer, yes or no ?—Will you give me until tomorrow morning ?

Tomorrow ? I cannot wait, and the Japanese forces will have to attack tonight.—How about waiting until 11.30 p.m. Tokyo time ?

If that is to be the case, the Japanese forces will have to resume attacks until then. Will you say yes or no ? (Lt.-Gen. Percival made no reply.)

I want to hear a decisive answer, and I insist on an unconditional surrender. What do you say ?—Yes.

All right, then, the order to cease fire must be issued at exactly 10.00 p.m. I will immediately send 1,000 Japanese troops into the city area to maintain peace and order. You agree to that ?—Yes.

If you violate these terms the Japanese troops will lose no time in launching a general and final offensive against Singapore city.

THEY WERE IN MALAYA

British and Imperial forces which took part in the Malayan campaign and the defence of Singapore.

(i) 18th British Division, comprising 53, 54, and 55 Inf. Bdes., including battalions of

R. Northumberland Fusiliers	Suffolk Regt.
R. Norfolk Regt.	Beds & Herts Regt.
Cambridgeshire Regt.	Sherwood Foresters

(ii) 8th Australian Division : 22nd and 27th A.I.F. Bdes.

(iii) 9th and 11th Indian Divisions, including battalions of :

East Surrey Regt.	Dogra Regt.
Leicestershire Regt.	Baluch Regt.
Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders	Hyderabad Regt.
Punjab Regt.	Sikh Regt.
Jat Regt.	Frontier Force Regt.
Rajputana Rifles	Frontier Force Rifles
Royal Garhwal Rifles	Gurkha Rifles
	Indian State Forces

(iv) 1st and 2nd Malay Inf. Bdes., containing battalions of :

Loyal Regt.	Manchester Regt.
Gordon Highlanders	Indian and Malayan Bns.

Besides the artillery regiments included in the above Field formations, a number of Coast Artillery Units, A.A. Regts., A/Tk. Regts. and Searchlight Units ; while in addition to the Engineer Units included in the above there were a number of Fortress Companies, R.E. and Army Troops Companies. Also R.A.M.C., R.A.S.C., R.A.O.C., etc., Indian Medical Services, Army Nurses and local volunteer battalions.

Lt.-Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita, C.-in-C. of the Japanese expeditionary force in Malaya, who dictated the terms for the surrender of Singapore *Photo, Wide World*

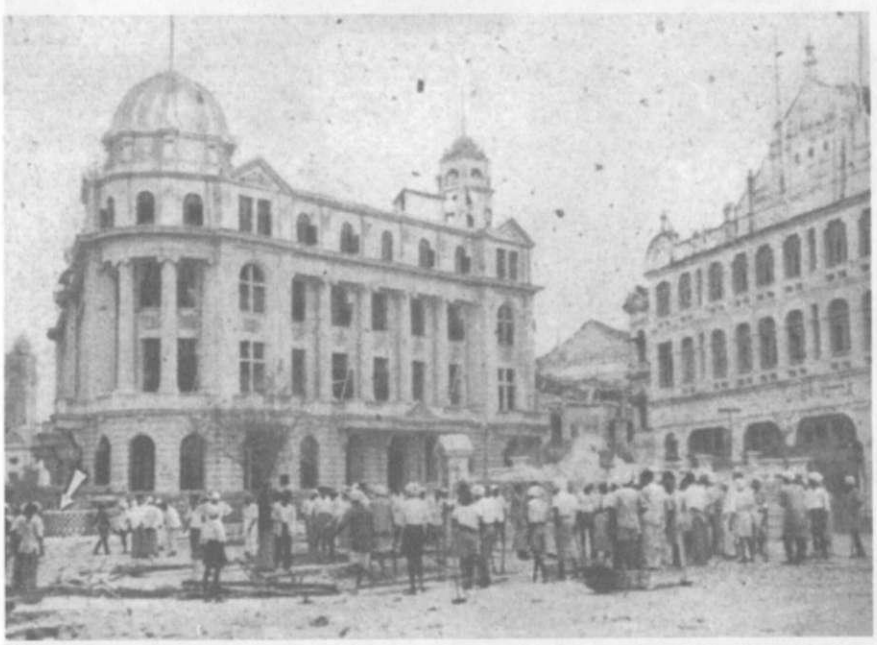
General Yamashita also accepted full responsibility for the lives of the British and Australian troops, as well as the British women and children remaining in Singapore. "Rely upon Japanese *Bushido*," he declared. (Bushido is the ancient Japanese code of chivalry.)

The unconditional surrender dated from 7 p.m. Singapore time (12.30 p.m. British time), and three hours later fighting ceased along the entire Singapore front. Following the capitulation the civilian population was reported to be quiet but bewildered. The civil defence and fire services were carrying on, and the telephone girls were still at their posts. "Ragged Tommies and Anzacs," cabled the Japanese Domei Agency war correspondent in Singapore, "stumbling with fatigue after being driven before the relentless Japanese juggernaut, are enjoying their first real rest in a month and a half."

At 8 a.m. on Monday, Feb. 16 (1.30 a.m. B.S.T.), the Japanese army, tanks in the van marched into Singapore. The flag of the Rising Sun was hoisted over the Government buildings, and guards were stationed in the suburbs, "and are completing the work of cleaning up seditious elements." Meanwhile the Japanese naval forces completed the occupation of all the defence positions, including those of the Seletar naval base, the Keppel harbour, and Fort Changi. "At a joint conference a British officer gave a detailed explanation regarding the port facilities, after which a decision was reached regarding the disposal of British warships remaining in Singapore ports."

How many men actually surrendered was not clear, but the number was very large, since no evacuation of the fighting services had been contemplated. The first Japanese claim comprised 60,000 men—"campaigning forces, fortress guards, and volunteers, made up of 15,000 of the British metropolitan forces, 13,000 Australians, and the remainder Indians." It was also stated that there were still a million inhabitants left in Singapore.

Then on Feb. 21 Berlin radio, quoting Tokyo reports, stated that the number of prisoners at Singapore was now given as 73,000. Among them were 8,000 wounded, under medical care. It was also claimed that 300 guns, 2,000 machine-guns, 200 tanks and armoured cars, one steamer of 10,000 tons and three 5,000-ton tankers were also captured.



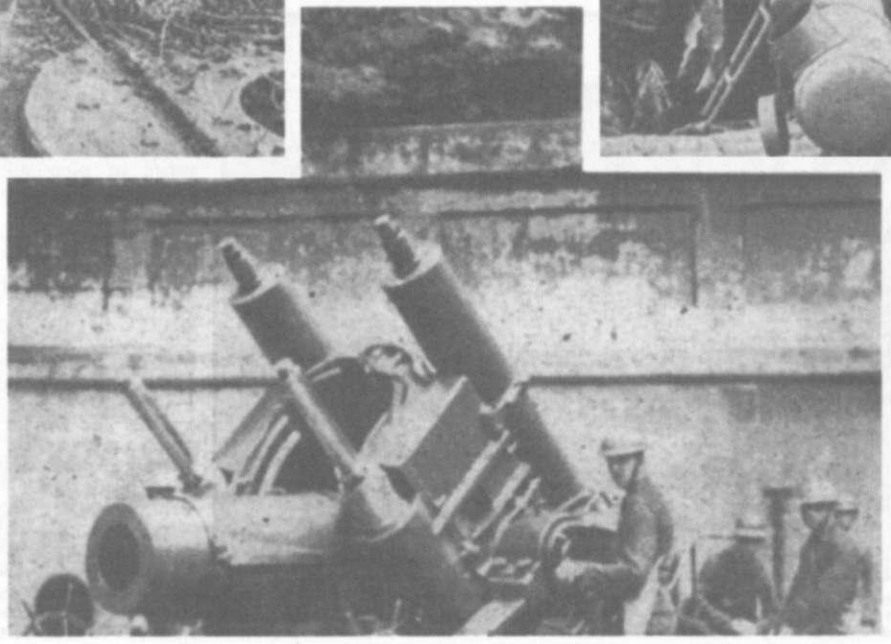
SINGAPORE raid damage in Raffles Square, named after Sir Stamford Raffles, founder of Singapore. A Japanese bomb hit the building in the corner strewing wreckage all over the square, and these Malayan workers have been cleaning up. A concrete pill-box is marked with an arrow on the left. *Photo, Associated Press*

In Corregidor MacArthur Still Held Out

Top, rows of shells in their racks in the underground ammunition depots ready to feed the big guns of Corregidor Island.

Above, American soldiers running to their action stations along a naturally camouflaged pathway on the fortress island of Corregidor.

Above, American gunners on Corregidor working the range-finder. The heavy guns of the island fortress guard the entrance to Manila Bay.



Circle, a gunnery officer receiving firing data from the observation posts at a gun site on Corregidor Island.

Left, a giant howitzer forming part of the powerful Corregidor defences. The island has proved a valuable flanking bastion for MacArthur's gallant forces.

Photos, Associated Press from Paramount News

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

Singapore Was Burning as I Packed My Bag

This dramatic picture of Singapore in the last days before its fall was written on the eve of his departure on Feb. 11 by C. Yates McDaniel of the Associated Press, the last foreign correspondent to leave the island.

THE sky over Singapore is black with the smoke of a dozen huge fires today, as I write my last message from this once beautiful, prosperous and peaceful city.

The roar and crash of cannonade and bursting bombs which is shaking my typewriter, and my hands which are wet with the perspiration of fright, tell me without need of an official communiqué that the war which started nine weeks ago, 400 miles away, is today in the outskirts of this shaken bastion of Empire. I am sure there is a bright tropic sun shining somewhere overhead. But in my many-windowed room it is too dark to work without electric lights.

JAPANESE SNIPERS

Equipped for fighting independently behind the enemy lines for two weeks to a month, a Japanese sniper carries :

Gas mask.
Green combination mosquito net camouflage hood covering helmet, head and shoulders.
Green corded net to camouflage rest of body.
Black wire eyescreen against sun glare.
Coil of rope for climbing trees and tying himself to trunks and branches to prevent the recoil of the rifle from dislodging him.
Five-inch-long sack of rice.
Small bag of hard tack.
Half a pound of hard candy.
Package of concentrated food.
Tin of field rations. Small tin of coffee.
Vitamin pills.
Tin of chlorine to purify water.
Mess-kit. Canteen.
Antidote for mustard gas.
Quinine, stomach pills, gauze, pads, bandages (packed in a nest of wicker baskets and in the gas mask).
Spare socks, gloves, toothbrush.
Torch with rotating vari-coloured lenses, one colour apparently intended as a sign of recognition, a visual password.—*Clark Lee, Associated Press War Correspondent*

Over the low rise where the battle is raging I can see relay after relay of Japanese aeroplanes circling, then going into murderous dives on our soldiers who are fighting back in the hell over which there is no protective screen of our own fighter planes. But the Japanese are not completely alone in the skies this morning, for I just saw two "Vildebeestes"—obsolete biplanes with an operating speed of about 100 m.p.h.—fly low over Japanese positions and unload their bomb burden with a resounding crash.

It makes me ashamed of myself sitting here with my heart beating faster than their old motors when I think what chance those lads have of getting back in their antiquated machines. If ever brave men earned undying glory those R.A.F. pilots have this tragic morning.

There are many other brave men in Singapore today. Not far away are A.A. batteries in open spaces—they must be to have a clear field of fire. Please overlook the break in continuity, but a packet of bombs just landed so close I had to duck behind a wall which I hoped would, and did, screen the blast. But those gun crews are keeping on fighting, their guns peppering the smoke-limited ceiling every time Jap aeroplanes come near, and that is almost constantly

The "All Clear" has just sounded—what a joke, for from my window I can see three Japanese aeroplanes hedge-hopping not a mile away.

A few minutes ago I heard a tragic two-way telephone conversation. Eric Davis, director of the Malayan Broadcasting Corporation, urged the Governor, Sir Shenton Thomas, to give permission to destroy an outlying broadcasting station. The Governor demurred, saying the situation was not too bad. Davis instructed the station to keep on the air but to stand by for urgent orders.

We tuned in to the wavelength of the station in question. In the middle of a broadcast in Malay urging the people of Singapore to stand firm the station went dead.

My colleagues left last night, and the military spokesman gave his daily talk on the situation to an audience of three—the representatives of two local newspapers and myself. Henry Steel (of Richmond, Surrey), an Army Relations Officer who has seen us through the bad situation from the Thai border to Singapore, has just told me I have 10 minutes to pack up and leave, so I am embarking with about a 50-50 chance of getting clear.

Punjabi Sepoys, in tropical kit, manning a Bofors A.A. gun forming part of the Singapore defences. A tribute is paid to the bravery of the A.A. gun crews at Singapore in the eye-witness account in this page.
Photo, Associated Press

Grim Was Our Flight From the Doomed City

The majority of the British women and children were evacuated from Singapore before the final Japanese assault. From The Daily Mail correspondent, Cedric Salter, came this impression of the scene on one of the liners engaged in the work of rescue.

WOMEN and children are sleeping on the decks, in hammocks slung from all conceivable supports, and on the floors of packed cabins and saloons aboard this great North Atlantic liner, now a rescue ship. The liner landed Indian reinforcements at Singapore before picking up 900 British women and 500 children to carry them to safety.

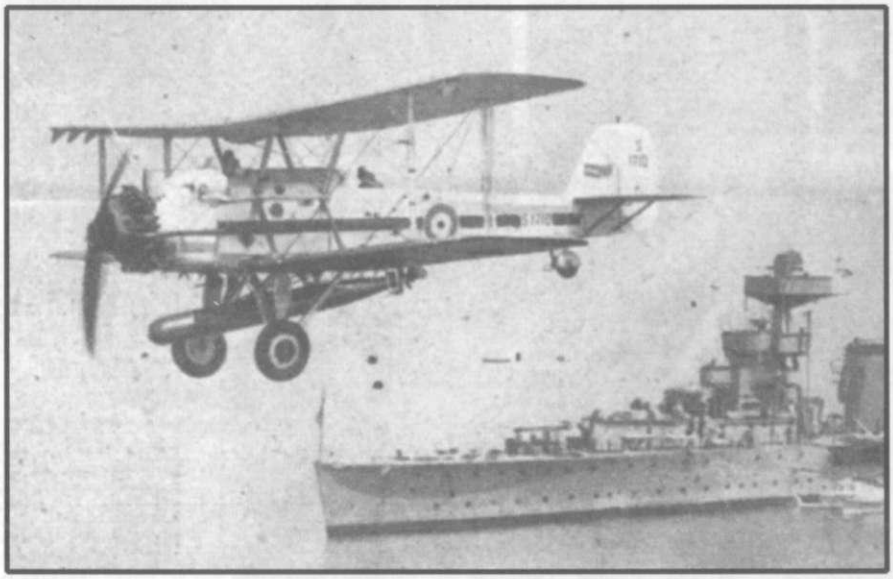
Twice we have been attacked. Once a bomb fell only 30 yards away, blotting out one of the tugs helping to nose us out of harbour. All four of the tug's crew were killed, and a dozen small holes were drilled in our own side. But after three days we were out of range of enemy bombers.

There is still need for unceasing vigilance, however, against submarines or surface raiders. In my two-hour turns on watch, shared with the mere handful of men on board, I have seen nothing but the endless waste of blue water. Fierce line squalls occasionally scud across our path, lashing us at our look-out posts with warm rain, which a minute later rises in steam from our clothes as the scorching sun reappears.

The drama of life goes on aboard ship. There have already been four births. Most of the women have left homes and husbands behind in besieged Singapore, but even so the ship has something of the holiday air it used to have on its peacetime fashionable summer cruises.

Only for the hushed quarter of an hour when the news is broadcast from London is there any tension. Gaiety then dies out of faces as the grim story is told of those left behind.

Beach pyjamas or shorts are the mode. But the wearers must wait on themselves, carrying heavy trays from the kitchens to release the skeleton staff of overworked stewards for the actual cooking. Long lines



A Vickers Vildebeeste torpedo-bomber flying over H.M.S. Coventry in the Solent. How brave pilots of the R.A.F. were sent up against the Japanese over Malaya in these slow and obsolete biplanes is told in the dramatic story above. *Photo, Central Press*

of drying laundry continually flutter in the hot tropical wind.

The greatest hardship is the black-out. It means that every porthole and door must be sealed at night against showing a light. In the airless temperatures of the hundreds the heat becomes intolerable. The result is that now, after nearly a week, some of the children are pale and fretful. Their mothers even are showing signs of strain.

I am writing this in my " quarters "—a mattress under the long muzzle of a gun mounted aft—as Lights Out is being sounded. The faintly phosphorescent wake is stretching away towards the east as the ship bears its cargo from danger towards friendlier land.

My Farewell Visit to the Great Naval Base

The special correspondent of The Times, who paid a visit to the great Singapore base shortly after it had been evacuated by the Navy, described this " most moving experience " in the following dispatch.

HERE was one of the great naval bases of the world. It was more than a base; it was a self-contained city, covering several square miles. It had been nearly 20 years a-building, millions of tons of earth had been moved, one whole river had been diverted. It had cost perhaps £60,000,000.

Here were a floating dock, towed 8,000 miles from England, that could accommodate a 45,000-ton battleship; a smaller floating dock for the repair of destroyers and submarines; a graving dock able to accommodate with a few feet to spare the Queen Mary or the Queen Elizabeth. Here was a giant 500-ton crane able to lift an entire gun-turret out of a battleship. Here were workshops for the repair and maintenance of machinery and guns; an Admiralty transmitting station, one of the most powerful in the world; wharves for revictualling and refuelling ships; huge underground oil and armament depots; shore accommodation for the crews of ships; whole residential areas of small villas, such as might be found in any London suburb; and 17 football fields.

Brain Centre of the Far East

Here was a large concrete administration building which had been the brain centre and the nerve centre of British Far Eastern strategy. Here were barracks that housed a labour force of 12,000 Asiatics. Just off the shore of the base were 22 square miles of deep sea anchorage which could accommodate with ease a combined British and American naval force. Next door were the great airfield and the R.A.F. establishment of Seletar, an air base complementary to the naval base, huge hangars, repair shops, administrative buildings, houses for personnel, runways from the sea for seaplanes, and great oil tanks.

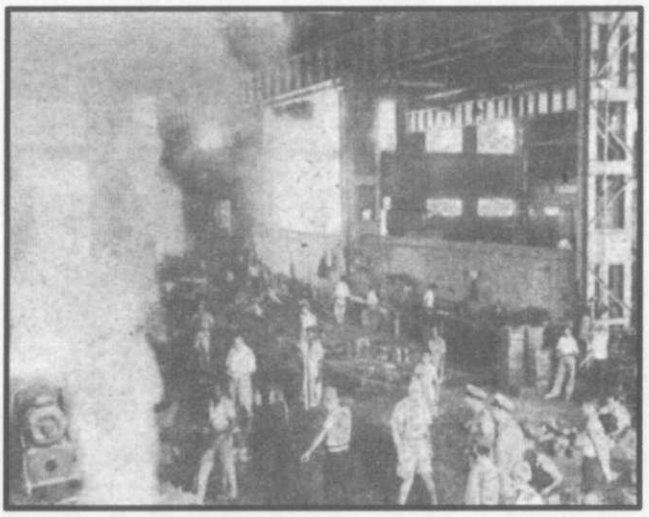
But the Japanese advance down the mainland had obliged the Navy to evacuate. A few Indian sentries were on duty at the gate. Hardly anyone was to be seen where formerly there had been scenes of such tremendous activity. The Japanese were lobbing mortar shells into the base from across the Strait in a desultory fashion. An occasional lorry, going down to bring away supplies, sped to the warehouses. On the waterfront British troops were in position, seeking what protection they could from the mortar shells.

We crept along, keeping behind buildings as far as possible. Even so the Japanese must have spotted us as we crossed one rather exposed stretch, for one mortar shell landed with a resounding crack only 50 yards in our rear.

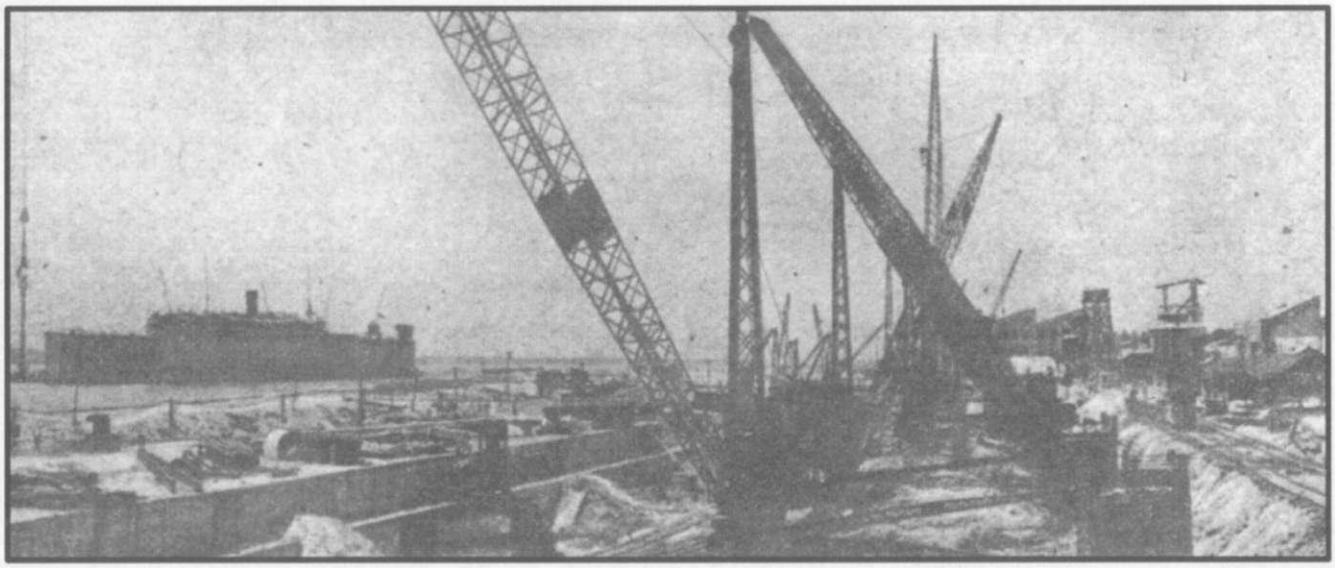
The great floating dock had been sunk just off the shore. Its upper works rose above the still water of the Strait. The great crane still stood, one of its girders scarred by a shell. Shells had also fallen through the roofs of the boiler shop, the light machine shop, and the foundry. One or two had struck the administration building, from which everything had been removed.

The room of the Commander-in-Chief, the scene of so many vital conferences in the past—indeed, it was here, perhaps, that was taken the fateful decision to send the Prince of Wales and the Repulse on their last voyage—was empty save for a large Admiralty chart of the world on the wall and some odd books of reference. Two dartboards and some billiard tables and the remains of a hastily eaten meal were all that remained in one of the petty officers' messes. One of the oil tanks was on fire. Flames were leaping up and gusty clouds of black smoke were blowing over the Straits of Johore. Two or three Japanese reconnaissance aeroplanes were wheeling round in clouds like kites. The purr of their engines, now swelling, now dying away, went on all the afternoon.

Such were the last days of the great Singapore naval base. Like the Maginot Line it never came fully into action at all. That was its supreme tragedy. Two months before it had been the greatest Allied naval base in one half of the globe. It was now one military sector out of many such sectors in the defence of an island. It had been tucked away at the back of the island as if an attack on the base from the mainland was a possibility that had never occurred to its designers. Indeed it had been built on the premise that our Navy and Air Force would never permit an enemy to come within 100 miles of Singapore. But Singapore's back door had become its front door. One machine-gun firing across the Strait was worth all the 500-ton cranes in the world.



A view of the foundry at Singapore Naval Base. The base was officially inaugurated on Feb. 14, 1938, when Sir Shenton Thomas opened the new graving dock. Scores of millions were spent upon it, but the great base was hardly used except for the week when the Prince of Wales and the Repulse put in there just before their disastrous sally.



SINGAPORE NAVAL BASE, the graving dock of which could accommodate the largest warship afloat, is now in Japanese hands. In this page a correspondent of The Times describes his farewell visit to the base shortly after it had been evacuated by the Navy. On the left of the photograph is the great floating dock, built at Wallsend and towed out to Singapore in 1928. It now lies sunk just off the shore. *Photos, British Official*

Editor's Postscript

THERE's usually more than one way to any one place, and I have derived amusement lately from watching how certain religious leaders (chiefly bishops) and certain able non-religious publicists (chiefly socialists) by different paths of reasoning have arrived at the same happy meeting place, where the banner under which both sides join hands bears the words: "Spare the German people!" I can understand the bishops better than the super-humanitarians of the extreme left. But both are elements of some danger to the future of the world in that now farther-off event to which I sincerely believe we are moving: the final overthrow of Pan-German expansionism—not merely Nazism. For Nazism in the ultimate examination is merely a German disease, which can be cured only by a major surgical operation. The Free German movement in Britain which has been lifting its head within the last few weeks should be carefully watched, although we know that many worthy individuals are prominently identified with it. Hitler was not the only German survivor of the last war who swore to be revenged upon the victors. Even among the socialist republicans the smouldering hatred of the French and British, which was to be expected after so humiliating a defeat, was beginning to glow into redness long before Hitler came to fan it into flame. And among the anti-Nazi Germans are many whose chief difference from Hitler is political. Their aims were the same, their methods different.

HAD Hitler never arisen another German-made war would have had to be fought, not perhaps for another generation, which would have suited many of us much better, but in the long run would not have been much better for humanity at large. I assert that no atrocity of this War is a new thing to German (not just Nazi) mentality. Every expression of hate is the same as in the last war—only more so. The difference is not in kind, but in degree. Just reflect on that and see if you don't agree with me. I haven't the space to illustrate my contention in detail just now, but you can take it that had the Kaiser possessed the means of frightfulness which Hitler commands it would have been used in equal measure. Kaiserism was milder simply because it had not the means to do ill deeds which makes ill deeds done. The leopard's spots remain even if you whitewash him. A shower of rain will reveal them. There is no change of skin or heart in the German of today, and once more I am glad that I have never approved the early injunction of our Ministry of Information which urged British editors to distinguish between the German people and the Nazis. The "good Germans" are at present in a hopeless, negligible minority.

HAVING occasion to refer to one of Kipling's books last night I was interested to notice that the set to which it belonged (published round about 1900) bears on a fly-leaf the sign of the swastika with Kipling's autograph enclosed within a circle. On the front of the binding the swastika is also used in association with an elephant's head. And, as though to be right either way, the hooked cross in one of the devices is given in reverse to the other. It occurred to me that a day may come in a very distant future when any of Kipling's books bearing the swastika that may still survive may suggest that they were the work of a Nazi author! For I am sure that this ancient good luck symbol which has been used for thousands of years in every part of the world by peoples in all stages of culture will become peculiarly Germanic: the symbol of Germany's great bid for world-domination, losing entirely its old Sanskrit significance of "Well-being, or good luck."

Lt.-Gen. HEIN TER POORTEN, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Netherlands East Indies Army, now heavily engaged with the Japanese invaders. *Photo, Associated Press*

MUCH nonsense has been written about its evil meaning when the arms of the cross are turned upwards or downwards (I don't know which), but to Kipling it was evidently acceptable either way. And I venture the opinion that it has always been used indiscriminately in this respect, just as the Nazis use it either as filling a conventional square or tilted diamond-wise. I am afraid I was one of the many who ten or twelve years ago contemned the swastika as a childishly primitive badge for a great national European movement to adopt, or I would not have chosen it as a feature of the design for the binding cases of my Manners and Customs of Mankind, its ancient symbolism being the only reason for doing so. There seems to be little doubt about its Aryan origin, which first commended it to Hitler, but the world knows the sort of "well-being" it now stands for, and when the Nazis have shot their last bolt its evil meaning will have been made clear to all the world: the swastika as a bringer of good luck will no longer influence even the most primitive of savages.

ONE of my readers, at present on military service, is good enough to question my reference to the Athenia as an American ship, for which many thanks. He reminds me that it was a Clyde-built vessel of the Donaldson-Atlantic Line, and I must attribute my lapse of memory to the fact that the Athenia was carrying a complement of passengers who were all U.S. citizens returning to America, the vessel having been chartered for that purpose; a fact well known to the Nazi U-boat Commander who sank it. On that particular voyage it should have had the immunity from sea attack to which any American vessel at that time was entitled. Readers will remember that Goebbels broadcast that it had been "sunk by instructions of Winston Churchill" in order to create a situation which might have induced the U.S. Government to demand reparation, and so produce an "incident" between Britain and U.S.A. There actually were many evil-minded persons in America at that time, and later, ready to use the Goebbels lie to foster ill feeling. The crime attracted world-wide attention because it was the very first instance in this War of German frightfulness at sea, and all the facts and illustrations were fully given in the first two numbers of WAR ILLUSTRATED.

AT no time more than today do we stand in need of an occasional laugh. I am as eager as anyone to be taken out of my gloomy self and always ready for a laughmaking wisecrack. You will not believe me when I say that I was found by my wife in a state of helpless hilarity on my study floor tonight. But the cause thereof could be traced by any alienist to a paragraph in an evening paper I was clutching, wherein it was stated that a comedian, whom I know only by name, is starring in a London show while he is sending out a show of his own entitled "You Lucky People." The paper goes on to say: "Writing the material for his star, Vic Wise, Tommy has worked out a stunt whereby Trinder, the boss, will talk on a radio set to Vic. 'Don't you realize that I can sack you?' he will ask Vic. 'Yes, and I can turn you off,' returns Vic—doing so." Now ain' that jus' too funny? We ought to be very grateful for those highly-paid stars who can think out such side-splitting quips . . . we lucky people!

BEFORE any of my readers spend tuppence-ha'penny to correct me I must amplify what I wrote about Corregidor, as I observe, re-reading the paragraph, that in seeking after brevity I have not made a good job of it. While it is correct to state that, in languages derived from the Latin, the sound of g, when followed by e or i, is soft like j, in Spanish the pronunciation cannot be so easily represented by our j sound as it can in French or Italian. The true sound is something like a combination of the guttural ch (as in Scots "loch") and "hay." Thus the soft g in Corregidor is better represented for the strictly Spanish pronunciation as Cor-*ech*-*ee*-dor, the *ech* being made noticeably guttural. But the "eggy" sound has no sort of warranty.

Printed in England and published on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. March 10th, 1942. S.S. *Editorial Address:* JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS LONDON, E.C.4.